The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 353. Vol. LIX. FEBRUARY, 1921. Price One Shilling net.

1/- net monthly, except Special Numbers.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles and places abroad, $1 1s. 6d. per annum post free. Canada and Newfoundland, 19/6 per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 179

THE READER—

The Influence of Keats. By Eugene Mason 185
Educational Pioneers. By Professor John Adams .. 187
Sir Philip Gibbs. By Frederic Whyte 188
Prize Competitions 189
Mrs. F. E. Penny. By Clive Holland 191

NEW BOOKS—

The Drudge and the Dream. By George Sampson .. 194
Three Art Books. By Haldane Macfall 194
Collected Prose of James Elroy Flecker. By Douglas Goldring 196
The Human Bible. By A. E. Waite 197
The Art of Letters. By H. J. Massingham 198
A Storm in the Theatre .. 200
The Secret. By Gilbert Thomas 200
Beerbohm Once More. By C. E. Lawrence 201
Women Novelists. By R. Ellis Roberts 202
Listeners' Lures. By W. H. Chesson 203
Life, Love and Joy. By Walter Jerrold 204
The Harmony of the Spheres. By George Sampson .. 204
A Work of Piety. By Katharine Tynan 205

NOVEL NOTES—

The Seeds of Enchantment—The Hill of the Crows—Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels—The Swallow Dive—Fire and Water — Inisheeny — Marie Claire's Workshop .. 206–208

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

A Score in Metre—The Natural History of South Africa 208

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We have always given due attention to the printed drama and books about music, and from time to time to the stage production of plays that have had distinctive literary quality. In response to suggestions from many of our readers, we have now arranged to enlarge our programme in that direction and shall in future include the criticism of music and the acted drama among the regular features of The Bookman. Beginning with our March issue, we are devoting some additional pages to Music and the Drama, and shall supplement a survey of current publications and performances with special articles on famous dramatists and composers of the past and present and on outstanding topics of musical and dramatic interest.

"The Prince of Wales's Book," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing for St. Dunstan's, is a pictorial record of the voyages of H.M.S. *Renown*, in which the Prince made his recent visit to Australia. The book is published in aid of the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war, and already the demand for it exceeds even the most sanguine expectations.

"The Wreck," a new novel by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan; who have in the press "Domesday Book," a new poem by Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology."

An important biography that Messrs. Constable are publishing this month is a "Life of Joseph Hodges Choate," by Edward Sandford Martin. It will be in two volumes, the second being almost entirely concerned with the record of Choate's life as American Ambassador in this country.

Mr. Cecil Palmer has in preparation a collected edition of the poems of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It is to be issued in an edition de luxe as well as in ordinary form, and will be ready before the end of the spring.

"Musical Memories," by Camille Saint-Saens, translated from the French by E. G. Rich, a book that will appeal to every one interested in the history of music, will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Mr. John Lane is to be warmly congratulated on the January issue of *The Bodleian*, a very interesting Anatole France number, containing an account by Mr. Lane of Anatole France's visit to London in 1913, and a collection of special articles on the man and his work by Robert Blatchford, Frances Ramsey, Lafcadio Hearn, W. J. Locke, Edward Garnett,

XUM

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. G. C. Williamson,**

whose "Daniel Gardner" (John Lane) is reviewed in this Number.

W. L. Courtney, and others. A copy of the number will be sent to anybody who writes for it to The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

Katherine Mansfield, whose brilliant book of short stories, "Bliss," was published a few weeks ago by Messrs. Constable, is the wife of Mr. John Middleton Murry, editor of the *Athenæum*, for which in the last two years she has done a good deal of reviewing. She was born in New Zealand, and began writing early; her first attempt at literature was published when she was nine years old, and she has been filling notebooks ever since. After she came to London she worked for some time on the *New Age*, and in 1912 published "In a German Pension," which she says was a bad book though the press was very kind to it. Later, she wrote for *Rhythm* and the *Blue Review*, then edited by Mr. Middleton Murry, and later still she married her editor. We share the general admiration of the stories in "Bliss," but Mrs. Murry is not satisfied with them and believes she has done much better work in the new book she is now engaged upon—another collection of stories, one with a New Zealand setting and several that are character sketches of women. She hopes to have this ready for publication in the coming summer.

"The Worker's Holiday and other Stories," by Bart Kennedy, will be published this spring by Messrs. W. Rider & Sons. Another book by Mr. Kennedy—a book of humour with an underlying seriousness—is also in preparation for this spring, and will be published by Messrs. Angold. Its probable title will be "Bart's Foolosophy."

Every year *Who's Who* is a little larger than it was the year before, and so gives you a comfortable assurance that the birth-rate of celebrities must be steadily on the increase, and if you look through the pages in an impartial spirit you will recognise that *Who's Who* rightly opens its doors to men and women of note in every walk of life and so becomes an essential reference book to professional and business men of all sorts. The 1921 edition (42s. net; A. & C. Black) still remains conveniently in one volume, though it is large enough to make three, and, considering its usefulness as well as its size, is the cheapest thing at the price to be had in the way of books nowadays.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's new novel, "Bones in London" (7s. net; Ward, Lock), is a breezy, delightfully humorous chronicle continuing the adventures of Bones and his friends in London business circles. The same firm is publishing "Musgrave's Luck," a new romance of love and adventure by Harold Bindloss.

Katherine Mansfield
(Mrs. Middleton Murry).

It is thirty years since Mr. J. Storer Clouston dawned upon a delighted world as a new and true humorist with "The Lunatic at Large." He proceeded to justify what was hoped of him with "The Adventures of Monsieur Haricot," "Count Bunker," "The Peer's Progress," and other books that all good readers will remember. Though he developed another side of his genius in such stories of mystery as "The Spy in Black," he could never prevent his quaint and delightful humour from breaking through, just as it is continually breaking through in his latest series of tales, "Carrington's Cases" (Blackwood). There are touches of it all through the Carrington cases (in one of which he takes liberties with Sherlock Holmes's own Dr. Watson), and even in such an eerie fantasy as the tale of "The Devil's House." All his life, except for the years of the war when he was a variety of incongruous things, Mr. Storer Clouston has been nothing but a writer. Even when he was in chambers in the Temple and supposed to be working for the Bar, he was chiefly occupied with writing the libretto of a comic opera which has long been lost, unacted. During that same period he wrote a series of short stories in his evenings and had them rejected by a magazine—he thinks it was the *Idler*, but has more than forgiven it, for a few years later he worked those same stories up into his first and most popular novel, "The Lunatic at Large."

Mr. J. Storer Clouston.

That Mr. Clouston is on occasion a quick worker is evident from the fact that he wrote ten out of his twelve Carrington stories in one strenuous fortnight. But others in the book came with less readiness. He spent many months over "The Devil's House," and wrote it three times in various forms before he was satisfied with it. At present Mr. Clouston is busy on a play which he hopes will, in due course, find a producer, and has just finished a novel—a return to the adventures of Mr. Mandell-Essington of "The Lunatic at Large"—the story of his doings during a subsequent and similar relapse.

"London Rover," which Messrs. Cassell announce, is a series of stories and sketches of life at Limehouse, Wapping, Poplar, in and around the Docks, and on Thames-side generally, by H. M. Tomlinson, who knows that part of London as well and writes about it as cleverly as any man living.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing a new novel by Miss Kay Cleaver Strahan. It has the enigmatic title of "Something that Begins with T."

The Cambridge Press is publishing this spring "Spain Since 1815," by Marques de Lema, Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"Notes on Life and Letters," by Joseph Conrad, which Messrs. Dent are publishing early in the spring, includes critical essays on Henry James, Stephen Crane, Guy de Maupassant, and many others.

Mr. J. Weedon Birch has just joined the ever-growing ranks of publisher-authors, and his first novel, "The Lure," published by Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch, is a striking

Mr. J. Weedon Birch.

language. Candid it certainly is, but it is more than that. It is a most spiteful production, and it would be almost impossible for a biographer to be more unsympathetic. Smith, whose father was for some time Nollekens's principal assistant and who himself when a lad was employed in the workshop, had been told by the sculptor that he had been mentioned in his will, found when the latter was read that his share of the £200,000 was an extremely meagre one—a paltry £100 as a recompense for his trouble and responsibilities as one of the three executors. When the will was signed and witnessed some five years before Nollekens died, Smith was not even mentioned, and it was only after the death of one of the two original executors—for at first there were only two—that Smith and an additional one were appointed. It must have been very galling for poor Smith, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he felt resentful after having been for years buoyed up with the hope and, as he thought, the prospect of inheriting no insignificant portion of the old miser's thousands. There were also many others, apparently, who looked upon themselves as prospective legatees, for Smith prints a list of nearly ninety people who he stated had been each promised £1,000, very few of whom were even named in the will. So great was Smith's chagrin, and that of another of the executors, that the will was disputed in the Court of Chancery, but their appeal was unsuccessful. One may or may not sympathise with the unfortunate legatee in his disappointment, but there can be no disputing the fact that such a disgruntled being was not the proper person to write the biography of a man who possessed so many very peculiar habits and eccentricities as Nollekens did. In spite of so manifest a bias to the prejudice of his victim, or rather, perhaps, on account of such bias, it must be admitted that Smith's "Nollekens and His Times" is a most amusing and entertaining work. It is by no means a work of art, being, as it is, entirely formless, rambling and discursive, but it can be read with keen enjoyment if taken up at different times and not at one gargantuan mouthful.

Nollekens was one of the most celebrated bust sculptors of his time—he was born in 1737 and died in 1823. His most famous one was that of C. J. Fox. Among others were those of Sterne and Johnson. His statue of Pitt was subscribed for by the University of Cambridge, and he was paid the large sum of £4,000. Many statues and monuments of his are to be found in country churches, among them that most beautiful monument to the Hon. Mrs. Howard, in Wetheral Church, a few miles out of Carlisle.

Smith speaks of Nollekens as a sculptor appreciatively on the whole, although he compares him unfavourably with Flaxman. It is more especially when he writes of the old sculptor's thrifty habits, his meannesses and his eccentricities; when he sets himself out to relate as many as possible of his breaches of decorum—it is in these circumstances that he shows his animus, although professedly recounting the stories to amuse his readers. Nollekens was undoubtedly a miser in grain, though occasionally he could be, and was, very generous, and Smith would have us believe, when he can record such instances, that he "receives infinite pleasure" by so doing. Some of his stories are certainly very funny. Here is one of them:

"Mr. Nollekens, on entering his barber's-shop, was always glad to find another shaver under the suds, as it afforded him an opportunity of looking at his favourite paper, the *Daily Advertiser*. When his turn arrived, and he was seated for the operation, he placed one of Mrs. Nollekens's curling-papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his razor. Nollekens cried out, 'Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor.' 'Lord! Sir,' answered the poor barber, 'you don't care how I wear my razors out by sharpening them.' Mr. Nollekens, who had been under his hand for upwards of twenty years, was so correct an observer of its application that he generally pronounced at the last flourish, 'That will do'; and before the shaver could take off the cloth, he dexterously drew down the paper, folded it up, and carried it home in his hand, for the purpose of using it the next morning, when he washed himself."

Smith does not add that Nollekens left this barber a legacy of nineteen guineas.

The book is so full of good things that it has been described as "one of the best books of anecdote ever published." There is, however, one instance in which Smith embellished a story. It is one where he tells us of a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens when he was working for the former, which must have been some time between 1779 and 1782, for he was only with him for three years. Smith was not present during the dinner, but he states he overheard the conversation from the adjoining studio in which he was working. As Mrs. Nollekens's father, Justice Saunders Welch—Johnson's friend and a successor of Henry Fielding in the Westminster magistracy—was present, and as he died in 1784, the dinner must have taken place before that year, and yet one of the guests quotes a few lines from Cowper which were not written before 1791 and not published until 1803; and Mrs. Nollekens refers to remarks made by Captain Grose and Boswell on the Hawkinses, which she may have read in the works of those writers, published in 1803 and 1791 respectively.

Mr. Whitten has performed his editorial duties admirably, and his edition must henceforth be regarded as the standard one. Most of his notes are informative and extremely interesting, and there appear to be very few misprints in the two volumes. On p. 74 (Vol. I) the date 1752 is certainly one, as Smith was not born until 1766.

In his note (p. 200) on Cibber's figures, formerly over the entrance of old Bethlehem Hospital, he states that Pope's well-known lines on him "are often quoted to show that Pope was among the detractors of those figures, but they do not seem to bear the brunt of the satire." He might perhaps have added that Pope himself, in one of his notes to the poem, admitted that the statues were "as the son [of the sculptor] justly says of them, no ill monuments of his fame as an artist." On p. 305 he remarks that Antonio Verrio is now best remembered by Pope's lines (which he quotes). Might not Mr. Whitten have also named Charles Lamb's references in his two essays on Christ's Hospital? The illustrations are many and well reproduced. That of the author is a most delightful one.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE ASSURANCE OF ART.*

"The Age of Innocence" is beyond everything else a triumph of the artistic freedom of Mrs. Wharton. It may be as good or less good than its predecessors—it is enough that it is Mrs. Wharton's and that no other living author handles with such fine ease the changing but authentic portraiture of the social aspect. She is in that respect inimitable. In this country the art of comedy flavoured by satire, never very cordial to the English palate, has fallen into neglect and disrepute.

Jane Austen is alone in her kingdom. Thackeray, in whose austere immobility is the redemption and perfection of humour, has no successor. The acceptance of the writer of great satirical comedy might almost be regarded as a proof of genius since its reception is so timorous and tardy. The capacity, moreover, to desert a familiar but never in her case down-trodden road is an example of the instinctive assurance of Art. When a novelist has scored a triumph—even a very small one—in one particular vein he is warned (should he have ideas) by his publisher that people who like stories about vicars in the country will resent vintners in the town.

The tendency, the road of the highest applause, is towards repetition until if you like a blue lagoon you know the author without any further mental strain, and if you care about the monkey house your way is clear.

So when Mrs. Wharton writes of New York in 1875 she asks for trouble. The reviewer works up a paragraph or

* "The Age of Innocence." By Edith Wharton. 8s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)—"The Happy End." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)—"In Leading Strings." By J. K. Pulling. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Islands of Desire." By Diana Patrick. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

Remarkable New Method of Learning French or Spanish

It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Indeed, Disraeli, whose "Life" is now being widely read and discussed, once said that we were "noble barbarians, speaking no language but our own." This is not the view of the well-known Pelman Institute, which has just opened a special department for teaching Foreign Languages through the post by an entirely new and most interesting method.

The view of the Institute can be given in the following words:

"The British people live on an island. Therefore they have fewer opportunities of coming into contact with foreigners than are possessed by their Continental neighbours. But apart from this fact they can learn languages just as easily as can any other race.

"Anyone can learn foreign languages if taught on right lines. Given the right method, a foreign language can be acquired with surprising ease. But the right method is essential. Many people have failed to learn—say—French, after years of school tuition because they have been taught by wrong methods. Consequently, their efforts have ended either in total failure or in very imperfect success."

No Translation

The New Pelman method of learning languages by correspondence is one of the most remarkable educational achievements of the century, and the French and Spanish Courses, which are now ready, are fully described in the literature which can be obtained, gratis and post free, by any reader of the BOOKMAN who writes for it to the address printed below.

Based on an entirely new principle, the Pelman method is simplicity itself, and one of the most striking features of these Courses is that they do not contain a single English word but are written entirely in either French or Spanish. And yet, even if you do not know the meaning of a single word of these languages, you can study either of these Courses with ease, and read the lessons without a mistake, and without "looking up" any words in a French-English or Spanish-English Dictionary. This sounds almost incredible, yet it is perfectly true.

Another important fact about this new method is that it enables you to read, write and speak French or Spanish without bothering your head with complex grammatical rules, or burdening your memory with the task of learning by heart long vocabularies of French or Spanish words. In spite of this, when you have completed one of these Courses, you will be able to read French or Spanish books and newspapers, and to write and speak French or Spanish accurately, grammatically and fluently, and without that hesitation which comes when the language is acquired, as it usually, but wrongly, is, through the medium of English.

The process of learning French or Spanish by the Pelman method is an extremely fascinating one. The difficulty of teaching Pronunciation by correspondence has been overcome by an ingenious device, and so simple and effective is the whole method that it enables you to acquire a thorough, practical mastery of the language in question in about one-third the time usually required. Write to-day for a free copy of the book describing this method (mentioning the language—French or Spanish—in which you are interested) to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Department), 88, Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C.1.

Great Success of New Pelman Course

INTERESTING SECRETS OF BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY EXPLAINED

THE public is giving a great welcome to the New Pelman Course.

From every side and from men and women of every rank and occupation letters asking for particulars are pouring in.

It is already evident that the popularity of the New Course will exceed even that attained by the Course which produced such remarkable results during the war.

This increased popularity is fully justified, for every one agrees that the New Course is a great improvement on the old one.

Indeed, the well-known journal *Truth*, which has carefully examined both, is of the opinion that the New Pelman Course is "100 per cent." better than the former one.

This improvement is largely due to two facts:

1st: *The New Course is based on the unique experience gained in training the minds of over 500,000 men and women of every type, age, position and occupation.*

2nd: *The New Course embodies the results of important discoveries recently made in the Science of Psychology.*

An interesting book, containing a full description of this greatly improved system of scientific Mind-Training, together with a reprint of the important Report issued by *Truth* on the New Pelman Course, can be obtained, gratis and post free, by any reader who writes for it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

THE NEW HABIT.

Thousands of men and women are spending delightful evenings at home this winter with the "Little Grey Books" issued by the Pelman Institute.

They are wonderful little books, these. Every one who has read them says so. And those who have not yet had the opportunity of reading them little realise how much genuine pleasure, as well as profit, can be derived from these Home Guides to Scientific Mind-Training.

"Pelmanism," says Miss Lillah McCarthy, "is now my Sunday recreation. I take a dose of this new mental tonic, and at once experience a sense of rest and content. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best. That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes you do your best; and, moreover, it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be. I am now a Pelman enthusiast, and am prescribing my remedy wherever and whenever I encounter a friend who would be better for it—there are many who would."

AN ABSORBING GAME.

"And," she adds, "Pelmanism is a most absorbing game, and one which each player can learn for himself or herself. At any convenient moment one may take up the 'Little Grey Books,' and enjoy real mental recreation—to employ that much abused word in its proper sense. In my experience, Pelmanism does more than educate in the ordinary sense of the term. It re-creates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration."

Thousands say the same. Pelmanism is being practised everywhere. It is the new Habit, and a very fascinating and profitable Habit, too. It is just the thing for the long winter evenings. Write to the address printed below and see. Full particulars will be sent you, gratis and post free.

THE PERSONAL TEST.

The best test of any system is the personal one.

Many thousands of men and women have made this personal test of the Pelman System and have reported the result to the Institute.

Here are a few extracts from their letters, in which they report the results they have secured from the Pelman Course.

"I have improved 300 per cent. in salary."—CLERK.

"I benefit to the extent of £1,000 this year."—IMPORTER.

"I have secured three increases of salary in five weeks."—BRANCH MANAGER.

"Recently received a rise in salary of £200 a year."—ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

"I have more energy, can acquire fresh knowledge more readily and pleasantly, and can recall and use previously acquired knowledge more easily and more extensively."—DOCTOR.

"I attribute my success mainly to the results derived from your excellent Course."—MANAGING DIRECTOR.

"Can do my sermons better. Have gained confidence in extempore preaching."—CLERGYMAN.

"I began this Course after I had been out of the Army about a month, and it was just what I required. I know what I want out of life now and intend to get it. I have gained greatly in Self-Confidence."—BUYER.

And many more similar instances will be found in the literature you can obtain, free of cost, by writing to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

two on the necessity of novelists to avoid the war, the public feel vaguely as though they were asked to wear bombazine (whatever that was), and those eager readers who want to know just what America is thinking about everything in these critical days are a little surprised and chilled by Mrs. Wharton.

She, unlike so many of her English contemporaries, has no religion to teach, no grievance to air, no political betrayal to reveal. Her subjects are people, of a period perhaps, but people whose characteristics of snobbery, isolation, conservatism and humbug are not peculiar to the year '75.

Into the serene, exclusive atmosphere of the miniature Dresden china New York society passes the Countess Olenska, as the leaven enters the dough. With her comes the breath of the greater world, the world on the threshold. "All the old ladies had got out their faded sables and yellowing ermines, and the smell of camphor from the front pews almost smothered the faint Spring scent of the lilies banking the altar." That was the old world waiting for the knock at the door. But no extract, no deliberate choice of all the words relegated to sounds of praise can give anything but a second-hand, musty conception of the Van der Luydens, who must be studied not in extracts but in chapters if you would possess for all time their unforgettable savour.

It is the highest compliment to an artist to say that one never questions a word or action of her characters as unnatural or frankly beyond belief. When any writer can step back half a century and write as though the people lived next door there is no more to be said.

Joseph Hergesheimer in "The Happy End" has written a set of seven notable studies. Here again is an author fortunate in a lesser, perhaps, but admirable isolation in his work. There are few living writers can handle so powerfully as Mr. Hergesheimer the old immortal situations surrounding failure, sacrifice, courage and love. There is a peculiar and haunting beauty and rhythm in his prose that recalled to my remembrance the evening I heard Vachell Lindsay recite in his intensely moving fashion some of his American verse. In one of his tales the scene is laid in a bar where the negroes are carried away by the singing of an aged woman:

"The magic of her feeling swept like a flame over the room: shrill mirth, mocking calls, curses, were bound in a louder and louder volume of hope and praise. They were on their feet, swaying in the hysterical contagion of melody, the unutterable longing of their alien isolation.

"'God's chariot coming.' The song filled the roof, hung with bright strips of paper; it boomed through the windows and doors. Sobbing cries cut through it, profound invocations, beautiful shadowy voices chimed above the weight of sound. . . . The harmony wavered and sank, and out of the shuddering silence that followed Lemuel Doret turned again from the city."

In the works of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Hergesheimer there is the assurance of art weaving without calculation from its eternal loom. Two other novels, different in type, performance and ability, are "In Leading Strings" and "The Islands of Desire." Mr. Pulling in the former opens with a pickpocket called Kit who, saving a manner of speech altogether too academic for a street arab, promises excellent sport if nothing more. Unfortunately he is associated with clergymen, artists and, finally, a girl who, however cleverly drawn (and Mr. Pulling has a nice vein of satire), rather tends to make the progress and development of Kit subservient to a study of temperament.

But the first quarter of the book is first-rate.

Miss Diana Patrick wrote recently "The Wider Way," which I ventured to criticise as an example of comedy, style and lucidity sacrificed to third-rate melodrama. In "The Islands of Desire" the background is well laid in one of the Northern factory districts with which the author is evidently at home, and the plot concerns the daughter of a mill-owner, who seeks her island of desire and suffers disappointment. The scene shifts to the second generation, and Rose's daughters are overtaken by the old eternal unrest.

As in her last book, Miss Patrick writes with feeling and humour, but one cannot forget a recent article by Sir Robertson Nicoll on the epidemic of dots. A sentence like the following should, I think, be avoided:

"'You do not believe,' asked Rose quite calmly. 'No, not yet, but you will . . . when he does not come back . . . when we hear what has happened . . . when *she* returns to tell us, as surely she will. . . . As for me, I am quite, quite certain.'"

FREDERICK WILSON.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.*

M. Augustin Filon was a well-known French man of letters who acted as private secretary to the Empress Eugénie during her Regency in 1870, and, owing to his position, was able to speak of the political and other events of that critical period with authority and knowledge. The publishers announce that the present "Recollections" were left among his MSS. with specific directions that they were not to be published during the lifetime of the Empress. They were not intended by him in any way as a biography of the Empress Eugénie, still less as a panegyric, but as a conscientious record of unbiased personal evidence concerning persons and events which have been the subject of much bitter controversy.

M. Filon tells us that he found the Empress entirely different, physically, mentally and morally, from the woman he had imagined her to be. "There was no posing, no striving after effect; she was far simpler and more natural in her movements and in her speech than any of the ladies who surrounded her, and she seemed to think no more of playing the part of a pretty woman than of assuming the rôle of an Empress." Sincerity was the dominant note of her character, and she laid stress upon the development of character above all things. "The courage to think," she said, "must precede the courage to act." Instead of a "flawless beauty who reigned like a fairy queen in the midst of theatrical splendour," M. Filon found in her a woman who possessed both heart and brains, and who inspired him with passionate loyalty.

The idea that the Empress Eugénie was influenced by any motive of vulgar ambition in her marriage with Prince Louis Napoleon is emphatically repudiated by M. Filon. "She detested politics from the first moment that she understood them," he writes, "and she not only disliked power, but she had no desire for luxury." In spite of the Emperor's amatory delinquencies, she believed that he never ceased to love her, and that he invariably acted honestly. After the tragedy of Sedan they were more firmly united than before.

The Empress used to go slumming in Paris, and on these occasions she disguised herself as an old lady with spectacles, a large hat and a thick veil. Like Marie Antoinette, she loved homely amusements, and was fond of arranging, ornamenting and changing her surroundings.

M. Filon says that the political rôle the Empress Eugénie was supposed to play has been strangely exaggerated and distorted. There never was a "party of the Empress"; her only party was that of the Emperor. During the terrible days of her regency, she showed amazing courage and self-reliance, combined with a self-effacing devotion to the interests of the Empire. When her Majesty came to England she resumed without any effort the ways of private life; but if she renounced without a sigh of regret all her retinue and splendour, she never forgot her great duties and continued to use all her influence for the good of the Empire.

No one who reads these illuminating "Recollections" can fail to tender homage to the memory of one of the noblest and most fascinating figures of recent times.

As M. Filon well says, the Empress Eugénie was

"The principal figure in a wonderful picture, the incarnation of French Society at a time when France swayed the world by her thought, above all when she was dazzlingly pre-eminent in the domain of art and taste, and enjoyed an incomparable and fascinating social prestige."

* "The Recollections of the Empress Eugénie." By Augustin Filon. With eight half-tone plates. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Though surrounded by selfish schemers, she gave herself over to dreams and generous indignation; and she remained a convinced idealist in the midst of a society bent wholly upon material ends. What the world worshipped she looked upon with contempt, and she adored what the world derided.

MEREDITH STARR.

BARBELLION AND HIS WORK.*

Although the personality of every living man or woman is probably of interest, could we perceive the complex of thought which controls the visible actions, the expression of personality in writing is extremely difficult, and when done deliberately, as in the form of journal or diary, is apt to be disappointing. For though we may not shut a door, or strike a match, or play a game, without betraying our personality in some way or another, we shrink from those final "confessions" and betrayals which in black and white give the real self and its thoughts about the world. That is why the great diarists are few in number, and Pepys fascinates us to-day because he gave us an inside view of his mind, uncurtained by pretence. For the same reason Barbellion's recent "Journal of a Disappointed Man" and its companion volume, "A Last Diary," will stand among the most remarkable contributions to this form of literature, I imagine, in a very long period. Bruce Frederick Cummings—there is no need now to conceal his real name—suffered that heart-aching, heart-breaking combination, a passionate love of life and the world's beauty and a physical frailty that doomed him to be continuously in ill-health, with, later, the certainty of early death. But his will-power was tremendous; where many another man would have given in and accepted the rôle of invalid, he fought his illness and worked to the last possible hour. "I am not going to be beaten," he said, after a severe attack, "if I develop all the diseases in the doctor's index. I mean to do what I have set out to do if it has to be done in a Bath chair." "Again and again," says his brother in the finely sympathetic character-sketch which forms the introduction to the latest book, "he spurred himself on to work with an appalling expenditure of nervous energy. . . . Surely there never was a half-dead man more alive."

The "Journal of a Disappointed Man" offended some readers, and its reception by the critics varied, probably according to temperament; for hardly any book of recent years has been so charged with that vague quality "temperament" or has more definitely demanded one sympathetic with its own. It was, one might say, an appeal, a hand stretched out to find a friendly clasp, and those who hastily termed it "morbid" missed the point of it perfectly. The fact is that when a man is ill in body, his mind is often extraordinarily active and perceptive, critical and competent; the word "morbid" is out of place. It was a question, once more, of temperament and frustrated ambitions; impatience, candour, his recurring expression of a sense of defeat, occasionally even of bitterness, are not to be confused with morbidity. Excellent, in him, the blend of literary man and scientist; proportionately strong his disappointment, his resentment—revealed clearly in this second volume—as it became more and more sure that he would not live to explore and record the world that enthralled him. Even its smallest evidences—a blackbird's song, murmurs of overheard conversation from those who passed his room, the contraction of a muscle, the consoling cigarette—held his attention, and in setting down his impressions of these minutiæ he made each sentence a little window into his soul. The sadness of it all is almost intolerable; the courage of the man is prodigious, inspiring. The "Last Diary" was written with death at his elbow, and he longs unutterably for the fullest life; he sometimes sorrows for himself (who would not?) but his love for his friends shines with a tender radiance through the shadows.

* "A Last Diary." By W. N. P. Barbellion. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

CASSELL'S
CLASSIFIED
QUOTATIONS

Compiled and Arranged by

W. GURNEY BENHAM

Containing a full and representative selection of extracts from the works of authors, ancient and modern, English and foreign, arranged under appropriate subject-headings. An Index of Subjects, with full list of cross-references, and an alphabetical list of authors (with dates of birth and death, and nationality) are included.

12/6 net

Invaluable to the Clergyman, the Lecturer, the Journalist, the Author, the After-Dinner Speaker, the Teacher, and the General Reader.

Cassell & Co. Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4

LONDON SCHOOL
OF
JOURNALISM,

personally conducted by

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON

Contributors to the Courses:

SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D. (Editor *British Weekly*, *Bookman*, &c.)
MR. HAROLD CHILD
MR. W. B. MAXWELL
MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP
The late MR. CHARLES GARVICE
MR. J. M. BULLOCH
MR. CHARLES SPENSER SARLE
MR. HAMILTON FYFE
MR. NEWMAN FLOWER
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, M.A., Litt.D. (King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, Cambridge)
MR. PETT RIDGE
MR. BARRY PAIN
MR. S. J. PRYOR
MR. LIONEL VALDAR
MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD
MISS MARY BILLINGTON
MR. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

The School provides practical training in Story Writing, Journalism, and Free-Lance Journalism at moderate fees. The Courses of Lessons are written by the ablest journalists and writers of the day, and the instruction is under the personal direction of Mr. Max Pemberton. The instruction is sound, thorough and practical, and is conducted by correspondence. The School possesses exceptional facilities for placing writers who have completed their training. Full particulars of the Courses of Instruction are given in the Prospectus, which may be obtained free on application to the:—

Asst. Registrar's Bureau,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, LTD.

110, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

Telephone Number: Museum 4574.

The book is one to chide the grumbler, to make him give thanks for the mere ability to get up in the morning and walk about. One feels an intense wish to have met the writer, a keen regret that it was possible, on many a day—had one only known—to have called upon him, with the daring of desired friendship, and perhaps helped him to pass a tedious hour, taking all chances of the frowns and coolness that might deservedly have been the portion of so casual a visitor. Yet those who read intelligently will gain a distinct impression of the author, and it is hardly possible to praise too highly the quiet, thoroughly perceptive and illuminating sketch of Bruce Cummings and his career which Mr. Arthur J. Cummings has given as a preface.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Novel Notes.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Girl in Fancy Dress" is a comedy of love and laughter, where the love interest predominates, but the humour never lags far behind. It might be taken as a satire on snobbery, though there is no malice in its sting. The Walgroves are expecting two guests—an heiress and a poor relation—and it seems to them an admirable solution of the family difficulty that Anthony, the handsome but penniless son, should marry Cynthia Rayburn, the heiress. All except Anthony are delighted. Cynthia arrives, in borrowed clothes (after a motor accident), to find herself mistaken for the country cousin, whom the Walgroves have not seen. Quick to read the situation, and disgusted with the cold reception given to her as Nellie Walgrove, she decides to play the part. Anthony, suspecting nothing, falls in love with her. Cynthia fears the consequences when her disguise becomes known, but hesitates to let the light of day into the fairy story which she and Anthony are building up about each other. He is the fairy prince and she is the little goose-girl or the Cinderella of his boyish dreams. There are times when the game seems to be over, but Mrs. Buckrose keeps up the tension and excitement, and the golden days slip on for the Girl in Fancy Dress. One evening the real Nellie appears and Cynthia's house of cards tumbles at her feet. Anthony feels that she has been playing with him and they part. Misunderstandings follow, but the story closes to the sound of wedding bells—as tales of disguise and mistaken identity have ended since Elizabethan days. The novel is brightly written. Cynthia is a gay, irresponsible and very human character. If she takes unnecessary risks with her happiness, life to her is a comedy and she will pass through it only once.

FORWARD FROM BABYLON. By Louis Golding. 8s. 6d. net. (Christopher.)

The Jew in fiction has been the theme of many an interesting disquisition, and the general verdict seems to lie in favour of books where the Hebrew interest is centred, as in "Ivanhoe," upon a champion of his race contending with alien rule and some degree of persecution. Where, as in "Daniel Deronda," the scene is laid in a Jewish interior, the interest hardly succeeds in holding the average reader, and in spite of much brilliant work, "Deronda" is usually voted one of George Eliot's failures. There is the same high intention in Mr. Golding's novel, and he makes his colour vivider, if his task is the harder, by surrounding his hero with the squalor of a north-country town. Philip's father is a schoolmaster intent on preserving the strictest racialism and ritual, and when he discovers Milton's "Ode on Christ's Nativity" among the lad's favourite reading, there is an explosion which leaves a fierce conflict through the rest of the story. Philip takes to himself a group of associates and kindred spirits whose progressive notions lack his own exalted idealism, and vision perishes among sordid conditions without enlisting much of the reader's sympathy. In all this Mr. Golding displays real artistry and a faculty of power, but the fight for liberation, while it has all the logic on its side, and strikes a shrewd balance between filial duty and the advance towards enlightenment, needs elements of attraction to broaden the appeal, and some of these are conspicuously wanting. The book therefore must stand as a bold and creditable exercise in the rendering of a difficult environment, and prompts us to expect something from the same pen which shall be none the less powerful by making a better bid for popularity. There is a great romance yet to be written inside this world of Yiddish and "Gollus" (the dispersion into exile), but it must avoid all bitterness.

THE BARTERED BRIDE. By Mrs. Patrick MacGill. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

If "The Bartered Bride" does not appear on the films it will miss its vocation. As an enthralling film drama it leaves nothing to be desired, and there is many a cinema star who will covet the part of lovely little Molly Osborne—"Carter's Kid"—living a solitary, browbeaten life in the frozen wilds of Lone Pine Station. Her brutal step-father beats and bullies her and ultimately sells her for the sum of fifty pounds. But, although she is childlike and innocent, Molly has spirit, and escapes from her purchaser to look for Jack Lorimer, who has formerly befriended her and avenged an insult offered to her in the low-down saloon where she was forced to dance for the amusement of customers. She finds Jack, only to bring pangs of malicious jealousy to the girl who designs to win Jack's love for herself—and so a succession of sensational happenings pursue poor little Molly till she takes refuge at last in her lover's arms. It is an excellent story of its type, teeming with lively interest, and deserves the success accorded to Mrs. MacGill's previous novels.

DEAD MAN'S PLACK AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This volume contains two stories, the first belonging to the days of King Edgar, the second to our own times. "Dead Man's Plack" is the story of Queen Elfrida and her crimes, and it is told by Mr. Hudson with the skill and charm that he can always command. But, if he will forgive our ingratitude, we don't want this kind of thing from him. We want from Mr. Hudson not history, but natural history. Other people can tell historical anecdotes as well as he; but no one can tell as he can such a story as "An Old Thorn." The thorn stands on the Wiltshire Downs, strange, solitary, lashed by all the winds that blow across the naked hills, yet it is grown upon with ivy, serpent-wise. To it clings also the tradition that whosoever should hurt the tree must suffer in expiation. Johnnie Budd injures the tree and suffers. He lived in the great days of dear old England when the gentlemen on the bench had much pleasure in sending the lower classes to the gallows for theft. Hard times come. Johnnie, now married, and in desperation, steals a sheep; and the judge (who expatiated, as usual, on the enormity of the offence, and expressed his determination "to put a stop to that sort of thing"), sentenced John Budd to be hanged. And as he crawled in misery up the hill to his doom, thinking of his wife and little ones whom he had sinned to save, and was now leaving in abject want, he passed the Thorn, to which, too late, he now paid his tribute of repentance. This beautiful, tragic story is Mr. Hudson at his best and exhibits his strange and almost disquieting understanding of the forms of life that we stupidly call inanimate.

A RECKLESS PURITAN. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Georgie Desmond, the daughter of an Irish clergyman, attracts and marries an aristocratic Englishman, Eustace Clint, whose standard of morals was not hers. She found

herself, a wild but strict girl, plunged into English society, among people who lived for pleasure. "They did not believe in anything except motor-cars, and some main political principle which was established to keep out the hungry masses." Georgie's puritanical soul is at last stirred to rebellion by the discovery of her husband's unfaithfulness. She runs away, and eventually becomes a general servant in a London flat. This part of the book is particularly clever and interesting. Mrs. Rickard draws the mistress, a fussy philanthropic lady, and also an odious creature called Miss Angela Dubarry, who between them make poor Georgie's life miserable. She has now met another man who is worthy of her love, a reticent Government official. But unluckily her husband insists on tracking her down, Miss Dubarry accuses her of theft, and she is actually imprisoned. Then the clouds break. The husband is killed off, and Georgie at last marries her real mate. It is rather rushed towards the end. But the reader would not have forgiven Mrs. Rickard if she had defrauded this charming, reckless girl of happiness. The narrative flows brightly from the beginning. Where the authoress is excellent, is in the delineation of the women-characters, both in Ireland and in England; her women are of all sorts, old and young, but she has a particularly good eye for "cattishness" in her sex. The heroine is vital at every pore. "Sacrifice and death are fine things and can be met finely, but it takes a great deal of saintliness to stand still and be pinched, for months together." Georgie Desmond, before and after her marriage, had to stand a good deal of pinching in life; she was not always saintly, but she had humour, she was clean, and she was plucky—qualities which go far towards saintliness of a healthy type. It is a pleasure to read about so impulsive and charming a heroine, in days when most novelists make their women reckless, but by no means puritan.

OUR ELIZABETH. By Florence A. Kilpatrick. 3s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Elizabeth started her career as a figure of fun in some sketches contributed to *Punch*. Expansion into book form has not dulled her infinite variety. This lank and angular servant-girl, with her fondness for furthering love affairs and breaking china (when the Signs of her Dream Book so ordain), who is always ready to lend a helping hand to Fate on those occasions when Fate is slow, bears us on in a stream of laughter. Her comments on her fellow creatures, and her machinations with their futures are unfailingly diverting. The comedy is never forced and there is no pressing of the hits. You either take them or leave them, and you usually take them. The humour is not more elaborate than it is in actual life and it comes as unexpectedly and as freely. Mrs. Kilpatrick achieves her effect without caricature. We are looking straight all the time at the people she shows us, and seeing things from their standpoint, we are amused by what amuses them. The book is sure of a miscellaneous public among sisters and uncles and cousins and aunts. In particular, to housewives who are finding the servant problem press heavily on their spirits, we would commend this exceedingly amusing tale.

THE ELEPHANT GOD. By Gordon Casserly. 6s. net. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Gordon Casserly has lived in India for a number of years, and writes with an intimate knowledge of the natives and of the general conditions obtaining in that vast country whose area is more than forty times the size of England. "The Elephant God" shows the high degree of affection and understanding which can be established between a man and an elephant. Badsha, the particular elephant of this story, saves his master's life on several occasions, and initiates him into the secret customs and gatherings of the wild elephants over whom Badsha rules with kingly authority. Both Badsha and his rider are regarded by the superstitious natives as the incarnations of gods, and

A DWELLER IN MESOPOTAMIA

By DONALD MAXWELL, Author of "Adventures with a Sketch Book," "The Last Crusade," etc. Crown 4to. **25/-** net

"The sketches are particularly attractive both in subject and expression, and all are faithfully reproduced. . . . Altogether this is a delightful volume."—*Morning Post.*

MACEDONIA

A PLEA FOR THE PRIMITIVE

By A. GOFF & HUGH A. FAWCETT, M.R.C.S. With Drawings in colour, pencil and line by Hugh A. Fawcett. Demy 8vo. **21/-** net

An intensely interesting study of Macedonia and its people, illustrated by a series of beautiful drawings

THE LATEST NOVELS

THE TRUSTY SERVANT
By G. V. McFADDEN. **10/-** net

THE DIPPERS
By BEN TRAVERS. **7/6** net

THE CONQUERING HERO
By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. **8/6** net

THE LUCK OF THE MOUNTED
By RALPH S. KENDALL. **7/6** net

JAMES DOUGLAS in the *Sunday Express*:—"I am a true Leacockian, and the moment I cross the frontier into Leacockland I see life from a fresh angle. . . . I ached with laughter as I read it."

WINSOME WINNIE AND OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS
By STEPHEN LEACOCK. **5/-** net

THE HAND IN THE DARK
By ARTHUR J. REES, Author of "The Shrieking Pit," etc. **9/-** net

"I hasten to recommend 'The Hand in the Dark.' . . . warranted to make a long railway journey pass like a flash, or a dull evening an occasion of tense excitement."—*Evening News*

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
VIGO ST. :: :: W.1

Study Languages

The man or woman who knows two or three Languages, or who studies and applies Logic and Psychology, is well equipped to command success in life, whether it be in the Business, Technical, Scientific, or social worlds.

The acquisition of a knowledge of the Languages, Logic, and Psychology is now rendered easy and fascinating by the methods of the School of Simplified Study.

The subjects taught by this system are—

SPANISH	ENGLISH	LATIN
FRENCH	LOGIC	GREEK (New Test.)
ARABIC	PSYCHOLOGY	HEBREW

The following are a few extracts from Students' letters, entirely unsolicited:—

"*I am highly delighted with the Course; it is very interesting and helpful.*"

"*Your Course is very interesting and well explained; the method of your teaching is excellent and easy for the mind to grasp.*"

"*I always feel one regret in regard to the Courses, and that is that there were no such advantages when I was a boy.*"

"*I should like to express the great pleasure I am deriving from the Courses; I am finding them very interesting and quite fascinating.*"

"*Allow me to say that I have nothing but praise for your system. Difficulties are made perfectly clear, and thanks to your method, an irksome task has become a genuine pleasure.*"

Send for prospectus of the Course or Courses in which you are interested. Full particulars and FREE specimen papers, taken from the Course, will be sent. Write at once to—

THE SECRETARY:
THE SCHOOL OF SIMPLIFIED STUDY, Ltd.
118, St. Paul's Chambers, 19-21, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

are believed to possess terrifying occult powers. There are some excellent descriptions of the jungle, and also of the gay life in Darjeeling. Mr. Casserly is sufficiently candid to admit that the great god Snob is the supreme deity of Anglo-Indian society. In Major Dermot (the Elephant God himself) our author has eloquently portrayed the most attractive type of Indian Army officer—a type which, unfortunately, is not so universal as it might be. Mr. Casserly's local colour is on the whole better than his characterisation; he has succeeded in conveying the atmosphere of India, and his accounts of the various hairbreadth escapes in the book are particularly well done.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RUINS. By Edward Shanks. 9s. net. (Collins.)

Having achieved some measure of success as a poet, Mr. Edward Shanks has tried his hand at a novel, giving us in "The People of the Ruins," a story of the English Revolution and after. The book is to a certain extent a counter-blast to Mr. Oliver Onions's penultimate tale, "The New Moon"; for it predicts a cataclysm in our social system—to take place in 1922—and, instead of depicting an England under reconstruction, with a highly developed system of scientific and mechanical invention, it shows us an England of 2,000, which is living on the remnants of the undeveloped system of the previous century. Gas and electric light maintain a feeble existence. A few trains run from north to south. The inhabitants of London live in the broken-down houses of 1900. The secret of constructing big guns is the property of three old grey-beards. The monarchy has gone and the country is ruled by an hereditary Speaker. The North of England and Wales are independent states, paying a nominal tribute to the Speaker. Throughout the land every mechanical art is dying, the fine arts, literature and music are dead, the spirit of progress has been killed, nothing is being kept in repair. The account of how a young scientist, who has seen service in France in the great war stumbles into this decaying England and dies in a futile attempt to save it from the onrush of Welsh barbarism is the theme of Mr. Shanks's very original and imaginative story.

THE HAND IN THE DARK. By A. J. Rees. 9s. net. (Lane.)

A clever crime mystery by a man who is fast making a name as a master in this line of modern detectivism. The murder on which Mr. Rees works is usually abrupt and unaccountable, as every respectable murder ought to be, and usually occurs in good society. This time it is the shooting of Mrs. Philip Heredith, wife of the club-footed heir to a title, and there is no whisper of motive such as appears later when we learn that she has been fashionable and flighty, but never so as to occasion her death in her own bedroom while her guests are at dinner in the room below. The original element in the story, besides an ease and effectiveness of writing too often absent in this line of romance, is the way in which suspicion shifts from one character to the other and baffles the efforts of the professional sleuth-hounds engaged on the case. First comes Miss Hazel Rath, daughter of the housekeeper; then Captain Nepcote, the riff-raff lover of the victim—and here suspicion is intensified when we find she has entrusted him with a diamond necklace under clandestine and discreditable conditions. Finally, by the persistence of a private detective, Colwyn—the last of several relays who tackle the problem in succession—the mystery is unravelled, and the murder is admitted by the deformed and distracted husband himself. Even at the last hour there are genuine and well-contrived surprises, and though it cannot be said that Mr. Rees has introduced us to any characters with whom we experience any special sympathy, he has given us a sense of being personally involved in a very real and interesting drama.

The Bookman's Table.

MYSTICISM, FREUDIANISM AND SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY. By Knight Dunlap. $1.50. (St. Louis: Mosby Company.)

Professor Dunlap has the unusual distinction of being at home in both philosophy and science. At the beginning of the book we move among the old familiar philosophical categories, and the unsuspecting reader does not know that the mystical theories are being expounded merely to be rent asunder. With genuine mysticism our author has a certain sympathy, though he cannot admit the claim to a third kind of knowledge that comes neither from sensation nor reflection. But his real object of attack is the whole brood of Psychoanalysts, under whatever banner they serve. The middle part of the book is given up to a merciless analysis of the modern version of the philosophy of the unconscious, and the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in imagining what devastation can be wrought by the application of strictly logical categories to a system that proclaims that its data are beyond the reach of the consciousness. After an ironical and sarcastic treatment of the Freudians and all their works, Professor Dunlap turns to the constructive side and develops the first principles of what he calls Scientific Psychology. This is purely biological, is based upon the reaction arc, and treats the Lange theory of the expression of the emotions as established. A notable book that deserves attention.

LONDON TREES. By A. D. Webster. 15s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

During the summer evenings, when the light is long, and the parks and squares of the City are crowned with a mist of green, there will be no more welcome companion for the wanderer in London who loves nature than Mr. A. D. Webster's "London Trees." Its descriptions and its illustrations will take him out of doors on many pleasant rambles. In these fireside days, there is enjoyment of a different kind. Perhaps the qualities which strike one first, in the arm-chair as in the open, are the orderly arrangement, the wealth of detail, the concise yet comprehensive descriptions. Writing from a twenty-five years' experience of his subject, in just over two hundred pages, Mr. Webster gives an account of the trees which succeed in London with directions as to where the finest may be found. Yet the final excellence of the book is not a guide-book excellence, for the author's concern is not exclusively with the object seen. He may be speaking of the Willow, when he will turn aside, in the happiest of discursive writing, to remind us that Pope is credited with planting the first Weeping Willow grown in this country, and that, in the garden at Twickenham where the poet passed the last years of his life, a tree of this species was flourishing late in the eighteenth century. Some of the most interesting pages in the volume describe the trees of literary London—the Mulberry under which Keats wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale," the Black Italian Poplar and Lime Trees in Dickens's garden at Devonshire Place, or the Catalpa in Gray's Inn Gardens, ascribed by tradition to Bacon, who took over the management of the grounds in 1597. In his preface, Mr. Webster gives among his reasons for writing the book that no book of a similar kind has been published. The work has been done so superlatively well that those who come after may find their task thankless.

ESSAYS. By the late Dr. John Todhunter. With a Foreword by Standish O'Grady. 8s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The essay, says Dr. Todhunter in the present volume, "must not be eloquent, as from the rostrum; it should be, like poetry, a whisper of the personality—overheard."

Learn the Secrets of Successful Writers!

YOU can qualify under expert guidance to earn money by your pen and to make your spare hours profitable. The Journalism Course of the Regent Institute will show you how to write, what to write about and where to sell, and the instruction will be personal to YOU.

Abounding with profitable ideas, hints and suggestions, the lessons present in delightfully clear manner (with practical illustrations) the secrets of literary success. How to write clearly and effectively, problems of construction and their solution, brighter treatment and how to secure it, how to find subjects and plots, sources of material, some aspects of specialisation, what editors want—these are just a few of the specific features of the tuition.

There is a dearth of talent. The trained writer, who has overcome the difficulties of subject and treatment, finds his work in keen demand at liberal rates. Among the publications to which students have recently contributed are *The National Review, The Spectator, Chambers's Journal, The Field, Pall Mall Gazette, Daily News, Daily Mirror, Daily Dispatch, Evening Standard*, etc.

Every student receives *individual attention*, constructive criticism, special advice on his own problems and difficulties, detailed guidance as to the disposal of MSS.

The first step towards success in this fascinating pursuit is to write at once for a free copy of our interesting booklet, "How to Succeed as a Writer," which describes the openings for new writers, and the unique advantages of a postal course which is enabling men and women to write the kind of copy that editors want—and to *earn while they learn*. Fill up the form given below, or write a simple request for the booklet.

FREE to You!

THE REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 93D),
22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

Without obligation on my part, please send me a copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," free and post free.

Name.....

Address.....

Literature and Art

are close allies. Many literary and journalistic people have taken up the study of illustration, some because sketching provides a pleasing recreation: others to be able to illustrate their products, thereby adding a greatly enhanced value to their works. If you are interested in sketching, you will be interested in my courses of Art training by Post. My Course will teach you in a "free from drudgery" manner how to draw Caricatures, Figure Studies, Cartoons, Book Illustrations, etc., etc.

FOR BEGINNERS. I have a Special Course in Head, Figure Drawing, etc. (Fee is only 21/- inclusive.)

Send two stamps for my New Prospectus: it is filled with pleasing sketches by pupils, and describes my two Courses. Write me personally.

JAY GERRARD, The Northern School of Press Drawing
(20) BRADSHAW, BOLTON

. . GYLDENDAL . .

MERLIN'S ISLE

A STUDY OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S ENGLAND

By W. WORSTER 2/6 net.

"Packed from cover to cover with good criticism and good sense . . . one of the best essays in criticism yet devoted to Mr. Kipling's work."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Lays stress on the ethical value of Mr. Kipling's work, and expounds it with ungrudging admiration and sympathy."—*Scotsman.*

"A charming and understanding study of Rudyard Kipling's England."
—*Public Opinion.*

"A charming analysis . . . in many ways the best book on Kipling."
—*Court Journal.*

"The best study of English traits which has yet appeared in print."
—*Schoolmaster.*

Burke

is the only "Peerage" which gives a complete history of families with hereditary titles.

In **Burke** are to be found the names of the men who have made the Empire; and of those who have made history in all parts of the world. Here are recorded the deeds which won them their honours; and their family trees are set out, stem and branches, with many historical notes.

Burke frequently carries its story back to mediæval ages, and brings it down to the day of publication of the latest volume.

Burke is so full of vivid narrative interest that one may turn its pages for hours and remain absorbed.

In addition to its historical and social appeal, **Burke** is an indispensable book of reference in all high-class business houses.

THE ONLY FULL & AUTHORITATIVE PEERAGE

80th Edition

NOW READY

THE BURKE PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

This might fitly be taken as the key-note of the papers here collected, for, with the exception of the first of them, which deals with an abstract subject, their value for us lies in great part in the revelation of the personality from which they sprang. And that personality was one of rare charm. Todhunter, as Mr. O'Grady's foreword tells us, was born in Dublin, and a shrewd reader might perhaps have guessed at his Celtic origin from the essays themselves, for they bear in no slight degree the stamp of the Irish character. A habit of wistful retrospection, a happy knack of care-free and inconsequent meandering, a ready sense of humour, and more than a touch of poetry in his composition—all these are brought out strongly in these highly individual essays. Todhunter, moreover, was a man of wide culture, sound scholarship and liberal tastes, and his essays are tinged with a decided literary flavour. He is most at home among the older English writers—Burton, Browne and Sterne form the subject of more than one essay—and every page of his book exhales the faint perfume of old leather bindings and mildewed leaves. The essays are not of very wide range. The longest and most ambitious is the first—on the theory of the Beautiful—a closely-knit, but lucid, piece of philosophy, in which the conclusion is reached that the Beautiful is the revelation of the Divine purpose in creation—of the " Kosmical Order " which is ever struggling with the " Chaotic Order " of things. The other papers are true " whispers of personality," and are not so much set literary studies as sparkling little monologues in which the author's likes and dislikes—and, incidentally, his personality—find expression. One of the best of them is the " Essay upon Essays," though it is rather less than fair to Goldsmith and De Quincey, and perpetuates the old injustice to Steele by overlooking him entirely and praising Addison at some length. Among the others are two delightful appreciations of Charles Lamb and a sympathetic study of Herrick. Taken all in all, these essays were well worth collecting. They are racy, sincere, thoughtful, and full of individuality.

HERBERT HOOVER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.
By Vernon Kellogg. (Appleton.)

From the day when war was declared, right down to the close of hostilities, and after, Herbert Hoover played an important part in European activities. He is not only a remarkable American citizen—he is a very remarkable man. This biography, written by a friend and associate in his work, should have a hearty welcome in this country for, though evidently written for American readers, it throws much light on the working of the mind and the methods of a master in organisation. Hoover is nothing less than that; the vast task set before him could only have been brought to success by a man of colossal ability and determination, and possessed of wonderful mental clarity and far-seeing vision. Dr. Kellogg is full of enthusiasm for his subject, and gives us a fascinating picture of a strong, capable and resourceful administrator overcoming all obstacles, and at the same time a very human type of man who could not keep back tears of joy when he saw the effects of American help upon the children of Warsaw. We are given an account of his childhood and early life, of his mining activities in West Australia, China and elsewhere, of his invaluable work for the relief of stricken Belgium and occupied France, and we learn, too, how he tackled the seemingly impossible problem of food administration in the United States, where a hundred million people had been unaccustomed to government interference in their personal affairs, and above all in their " affairs of stomach and pocket-book." Ten days after the armistice, Hoover left the States for Europe, at the request of President Wilson, to direct the participation of America in the relief of the war-ravaged countries of Eastern Europe. It is a splendid record of a man, and an illuminating statement of the gigantic war effort made by American citizens apart from their military participation, and it is a book that Englishmen should read.

MINTY'S
OXFORD VARSITY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

So different from the ordinary clumsy type of sectional bookcase.
Beautifully designed in Oak and Mahogany.
Buy as your Books Increase.
You can purchase any number of sections to commence. Packs flat—a child can erect them.
Booklet and Prices from the Patentee and Manufacturer
MINTY (Dept. B), 44 & 45, High St., Oxford
London Showrooms: 5-7, Southampton St., Strand

BOOKS.—Alice in Wonderland, 1869, £2 10s.; Through the Looking Glass, 1872, 1st edition, £5 5s.; Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, 1st edition, fine copy, £2 2s.; Herbert Spencer's Works, 18 vols., best editions, £4 10s., cost £12; Belloc's The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry, 10s. 6d.; Carmen, illustrated by Rene Bull, signed copy, edition de luxe, 28s. 6d., pub. 42s.; Ruskin's Works, complete, best Library edition, 39 vols., £25; Rider Haggard's Novels, 12 vols., mostly 1st editions, £4 15s.; Fuchs' Die Wieberherrschaft, 665 curious illustrations, 2 vols., £4 10s.; Slater's Engravings and their Value, 1912, last edition, £3 15s.; Baron Corvo's In His Own Image, rare, £2 2s.; Omar Khayyám, illustrated by MacDougall, 1898, 21s.; Omar Khayyám, Quaritch, 1879, £3 3s.; Omar Khayyám, illustrated by Dulac, £2 2s.; another, illustrated by Brangwyn, 1910, 10s. 6d.; another translated by Heron-Allen, 1898, 25s.; Maeterlinck's The Blue Bird, illustrated by Robinson, 30s.; The Life of the Bee, illustrated by Detmold, 36s.; Illustrated London News, 46 vols., handsomely bound, £12; The Car, illustrated, 42 vols., publishers' cloth, £10 10s.; Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols., 1857, illustrated, £2 2s.; Greville Memoirs, 8 vols., 1904, £2 2s.; Walter's History of Ancient Pottery, 2 vols., 1905, £2 2s.; Timb's Curiosities of London, 1867, 21s.; John Drinkwater's Poems, 1917; Swords and Ploughshares, 1915; Prose Papers, 1917, all first editions, 10s. each; The Bookbinder, vols. 1 and 2, £2 2s.; George Moore's Pagan Poems, rare, 1st edition, title page missing as usual, torn out by author, £7 10s.; Beardsley's Early and Later Work, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Oscar Wilde's Sphinx, illustrated by Alastair, 25s.; Forty-three Drawings by Alastair, 1914, £2 2s.; Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes, large paper, signed by author, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by Buxton Forman, 1876, 4 vols., £7 10s.; Thackeray's Works, edition de luxe, 24 vols., 1878, £15; Expositor's Bible, 49 vols., fine set, best edition, £10 10s.; The Graphic, vols. 1 to 36, strongly bound, £12; Chambers's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 1908, half morocco, £6 6s.; Œuvres de Rabelais, illustrated by Robida, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Boswell's Johnson, with 100 illustrations by Railton, and many portraits, 1901, 3 vols., 35s.; Johnson's Rasselas, illustrated by Smirke, 1819, £3 3s.; Finden's Illustrations to Byron, large paper copy, full morocco, gilt, 3 vols., 1833, £6 10s.; Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels and Poetical Works, tree calf, gilt, 4 vols., 1833, £5 5s.; Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols., full calf gilt, 1833, £6 10s.; Puckle's Club, only 500 done, 1817, morocco, £2 2s.; Collector's Marks (Fagan), 1918, last edition, £4 4s.; Smollett's Novels, 6 vols., fine set, 1806, £4 10s.; Fielding's Works, 10 vols., 1806, fine set, £5 10s.; Mommsen's History of Rome, best edition, 4 vols., 1868, £5 5s.; Chamberlain's Foundations of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 25s.; Leslie Stephen's English Thought in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 30s.; Mark Twain's Works, Author's edition de luxe, 23 vols., £30; Œuvres Complets de Paul Verlaine, 6 vols., Paris, 1905, £4 10s.; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, " Inclusive " edition, 3 vols., 1919, £3 3s.; Thackeray's Doctor Birch, 1849, 1st edition, coloured plates, £3 10s.; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, " Cabinet " edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, edition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Meteyard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerbohm's Cartoons, " The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1705, £2 2s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; The Day's Doings, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Bentley's Miscellany, 36 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., 1837–54, £10 10s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations, being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Noyes's First Editions, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the Author, 50s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s.; Memoires de J. Casanova, 8 vols., Paris, half calf, £4 10s.; The Butterfly, 2 vols., edited by Raven Hill, 25s.; Thornton's An American Glossary, 1912, 2 vols., 7s. 6d.; Round's Feudal England, £2 2s.; Round's Studies in Peerage and Family History, 1901, £2 2s. One hundred thousand books in stock. Catalogues on application. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant. BOOKS WANTED: 25s. each offered for Boswell's Johnson, 2 vols., 1791; Burton's Pentamerone, 2 vols.; Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871; Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866; Hawbuck Grange, 1847.

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 353. Vol. LIX. FEBRUARY, 1921. Price One Shilling net.

1/- net monthly, except Special Numbers.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles and places abroad, £1 1s. 6d. per annum post free. Canada and Newfoundland, 19/6 per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 179

THE READER—

The Influence of Keats. By Eugene Mason 185

Educational Pioneers. By Professor John Adams .. 187

Sir Philip Gibbs. By Frederic Whyte 188

Prize Competitions 189

Mrs. F. E. Penny. By Clive Holland 191

NEW BOOKS—

The Drudge and the Dream. By George Sampson .. 194

Three Art Books. By Haldane Macfall 194

Collected Prose of James Elroy Flecker. By Douglas Goldring 196

The Human Bible. By A. E. Waite 197

The Art of Letters. By H. J. Massingham 198

A Storm in the Theatre .. 200

The Secret. By Gilbert Thomas 200

Beerbohm Once More. By C. E. Lawrence 201

Women Novelists. By R. Ellis Roberts 202

Listeners' Lures. By W. H. Chesson 203

Life, Love and Joy. By Walter Jerrold 204

The Harmony of the Spheres. By George Sampson .. 204

A Work of Piety. By Katharine Tynan 205

NOVEL NOTES—

The Seeds of Enchantment—The Hill of the Crows—Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels—The Swallow Dive—Fire and Water — Inisheeny — Marie Claire's Workshop 206–208

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

A Score in Metre—The Natural History of South Africa 208

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We have always given due attention to the printed drama and books about music, and from time to time to the stage production of plays that have had distinctive literary quality. In response to suggestions from many of our readers, we have now arranged to enlarge our programme in that direction and shall in future include the criticism of music and the acted drama among the regular features of The Bookman. Beginning with our March issue, we are devoting some additional pages to Music and the Drama, and shall supplement a survey of current publications and performances with special articles on famous dramatists and composers of the past and present and on outstanding topics of musical and dramatic interest.

"The Prince of Wales's Book," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing for St. Dunstan's, is a pictorial record of the voyages of H.M.S. *Renown*, in which the Prince made his recent visit to Australia. The book is published in aid of the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war, and already the demand for it exceeds even the most sanguine expectations.

"The Wreck," a new novel by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan; who have in the press "Domesday Book," a new poem by Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology."

An important biography that Messrs. Constable are publishing this month is a "Life of Joseph Hodges Choate," by Edward Sandford Martin. It will be in two volumes, the second being almost entirely concerned with the record of Choate's life as American Ambassador in this country.

Mr. Cecil Palmer has in preparation a collected edition of the poems of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It is to be issued in an edition de luxe as well as in ordinary form, and will be ready before the end of the spring.

"Musical Memories," by Camille Saint-Saens, translated from the French by E. G. Rich, a book that will appeal to every one interested in the history of music, will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Mr. John Lane is to be warmly congratulated on the January issue of *The Bodleian*, a very interesting Anatole France number, containing an account by Mr. Lane of Anatole France's visit to London in 1913, and a collection of special articles on the man and his work by Robert Blatchford, Frances Ramsey, Lafcadio Hearn, W. J. Locke, Edward Garnett,

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. G. C. Williamson.**

whose "Daniel Gardner" (John Lane) is reviewed in this Number.

W. L. Courtney, and others. A copy of the number will be sent to anybody who writes for it to The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

Katherine Mansfield, whose brilliant book of short stories, "Bliss," was published a few weeks ago by Messrs. Constable, is the wife of Mr. John Middleton Murry, editor of the *Athenæum*, for which in the last two years she has done a good deal of reviewing. She was born in New Zealand, and began writing early; her first attempt at literature was published when she was nine years old, and she has been filling notebooks ever since. After she came to London she worked for some time on the *New Age*, and in 1912 published "In a German Pension," which she says was a bad book though the press was very kind to it. Later, she wrote for *Rhythm* and the *Blue Review*, then edited by Mr. Middleton Murry, and later still she married her editor. We share the general admiration of the stories in "Bliss," but Mrs. Murry is not satisfied with them and believes she has done much better work in the new book she is now engaged upon—another collection of stories, one with a New Zealand setting and several that are character sketches of women. She hopes to have this ready for publication in the coming summer.

"The Worker's Holiday and other Stories," by Bart Kennedy, will be published this spring by Messrs. W. Rider & Sons. Another book by Mr. Kennedy—a book of humour with an underlying seriousness—is also in preparation for this spring, and will be published by Messrs. Angold. Its probable title will be "Bart's Foolosophy."

Every year *Who's Who* is a little larger than it was the year before, and so gives you a comfortable assurance that the birth-rate of celebrities must be steadily on the increase, and if you look through the pages in an impartial spirit you will recognise that *Who's Who* rightly opens its doors to men and women of note in every walk of life and so becomes an essential reference book to professional and business men of all sorts. The 1921 edition (42s. net; A. & C. Black) still remains conveniently in one volume, though it is large enough to make three, and, considering its usefulness as well as its size, is the cheapest thing at the price to be had in the way of books nowadays.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's new novel, "Bones in London" (7s. net; Ward, Lock), is a breezy, delightfully humorous chronicle continuing the adventures of Bones and his friends in London business circles. The same firm is publishing "Musgrave's Luck," a new romance of love and adventure by Harold Bindloss.

Katherine Mansfield
(Mrs. Middleton Murry).

Mr. J. Storer Clouston.

It is thirty years since Mr. J. Storer Clouston dawned upon a delighted world as a new and true humorist with "The Lunatic at Large." He proceeded to justify what was hoped of him with "The Adventures of Monsieur Haricot," "Count Bunker," "The Peer's Progress," and other books that all good readers will remember. Though he developed another side of his genius in such stories of mystery as "The Spy in Black," he could never prevent his quaint and delightful humour from breaking through, just as it is continually breaking through in his latest series of tales, "Carrington's Cases" (Blackwood). There are touches of it all through the Carrington cases (in one of which he takes liberties with Sherlock Holmes's own Dr. Watson), and even in such an eerie fantasy as the tale of "The Devil's House." All his life, except for the years of the war when he was a variety of incongruous things, Mr. Storer Clouston has been nothing but a writer. Even when he was in chambers in the Temple and supposed to be working for the Bar, he was chiefly occupied with writing the libretto of a comic opera which has long been lost, unacted. During that same period he wrote a series of short stories in his evenings and had them rejected by a magazine—he thinks it was the *Idler*, but has more than forgiven it, for a few years later he worked those same stories up into his first and most popular novel, "The Lunatic at Large."

That Mr. Clouston is on occasion a quick worker is evident from the fact that he wrote ten out of his twelve Carrington stories in one strenuous fortnight. But others in the book came with less readiness. He spent many months over "The Devil's House," and wrote it three times in various forms before he was satisfied with it. At present Mr. Clouston is busy on a play which he hopes will, in due course, find a producer, and has just finished a novel—a return to the adventures of Mr. Mandell-Essington of "The Lunatic at Large"—the story of his doings during a subsequent and similar relapse.

Mr. J. Weedon Birch.

"London Rover," which Messrs. Cassell announce, is a series of stories and sketches of life at Limehouse, Wapping, Poplar, in and around the Docks, and on Thames-side generally, by H. M. Tomlinson, who knows that part of London as well and writes about it as cleverly as any man living.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing a new novel by Miss Kay Cleaver Strahan. It has the enigmatic title of "Something that Begins with T."

The Cambridge Press is publishing this spring "Spain Since 1815," by Marques de Lema, Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"Notes on Life and Letters," by Joseph Conrad, which Messrs. Dent are publishing early in the spring, includes critical essays on Henry James, Stephen Crane, Guy de Maupassant, and many others.

Mr. J. Weedon Birch has just joined the ever-growing ranks of publisher-authors, and his first novel, "The Lure," published by Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch, is a striking

Lieutenant H. J. Gripper.

Photo by Basil.

Lieutenant Daniel O'Connor.

Among the many minor results of the great tragedy of the war may be counted the founding of another new London publishing firm. The two partners, Mr. Daniel O'Connor and Mr. H. J. Gripper, first met in France, on active service. Mr. O'Connor was the moving spirit of the late firm of Herbert & Daniel, and Mr. Hubert Gripper is an old Malvernian, whose father, Mr. Ernest Gripper, was for many years a prominent member of the Baltic Exchange. Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Gripper relieved the tediousness of long hospital hours in France during the war in discussing literary aspirations, which they have now gone into partnership to realise. The new firm has an interesting list of books in preparation for this spring, including a "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Elie Halévy; "Ireland in Insurrection," by Hugh Martin, with a Preface by Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E.; "Elizabeth Inchbald and Her Circle," by S. R. Littlewood; "Curiosities of our National Galleries," by W. H. Helm; "Advancing Woman," by Holford Knight; "Literary Impressions," by Jules Lemaître, translated by A. W. Evans; and in the way of fiction "By Olive and Fir," by Anna de Bary, and "The Iron Bell," by C. E. Lawrence.

Mr. Jonathan Cape, who is the latest addition to the list of London publishers, has been connected with books and publishers for the last twenty years, commencing first with romance of adventure in Matabeleland, in which country Mr. Birch was a pioneer in the days before railways had driven some of the romance out of it.

Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Messrs. Hatchards, the Piccadilly booksellers. He was recently manager to Messrs. Duckworth & Co. Mr. Cape proposes to get together a general list of books—fiction, biography, reminiscences and children's books. By arrangement with the Medici Society, he will act as their sole agent for all their book publications, and in conjunction with Mr. Philip Lee Warner, publisher to the Medici Society, he will publish fine editions and fine art books. His first publication is the reprint of Charles M. Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta," which is published jointly by him and the Medici Society.

Messrs. Selwyn & Blount announce that Mr. Wilfrid H. Hulbert has joined them as a partner, having for that purpose resigned his directorship of Messrs. P. S. King & Son, with which firm he has has been associated for many years.

Mr. F. G. Shaw, the well-known authority on fly-fishing, who recently issued a second edition of his "Complete Science of Fly-Fishing," is now in South Africa obtaining material for a book on Trout fishing in those parts.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have just published a new edition of Mr. St. John Ervine's play of Belfast life, "Mixed Marriage," which was produced at the Abbey Theatre in 1911.

Mr. Winston Churchill is engaged on an outspoken narrative of his work and personal experiences during the war years, and the book will be published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Mr. Douglas R. Hoole announces that he is now representing Messrs. Books Limited, Stanley Paul & Co., Jarrolds Ltd., and William Rider & Son, Ltd., chiefly in the West and South-West of England. It is only about a year since Mr. Hoole was gazetted out of the army with the rank of captain. Although of low medical category he was accepted in the army in 1916, and, after a short time with the Artists Rifles, was commissioned to the Devon Regiment and went to France early in 1917. Early in 1918 he assisted the Army Printing and Stationery Services in France.

Mr. Beard Francis.

Mr. Beard Francis, whose new book of stories, "Comedy and Tragedy," is published by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, made his debut as a humorist with "Higgs and Potter," which scored a considerable success; he followed it with "How Like a Man," a farcical yarn about secret societies, mad inventors, burlesque detectives, stern men of business and other varieties of humanity. In his latest volume, as its title suggests, he mingles gravity with his gaiety and shows that a man may cultivate the broad grin and yet have a serious side to him.

Captain C. A. W. Monckton, whose "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate" (John Lane) has reached its third edition in three weeks, is one of the few men remaining who can speak with authority of the wild life of white men, traders and officials in the New Guinea of a decade

Mr. Moore Ritchie,

whose striking novel, "A Woman of the Desert," Mr. Andrew Melrose has just published. Mr. Ritchie is a nephew of Mr. Frankfort Moore.

or so ago. He is devastatingly frank and does not attempt to whitewash either his own actions or those of his superior officers, but gives a vivid and dramatic picture of the difficulties and hardships that faced the English official out there in dealing with savage races on the outskirts of the Empire.

What Cheer? a lively little quarterly published by Messrs. J. Miles & Co., the printers, and edited by their managing director, Mr. Ralph Frost, has just completed the third year of its existence, and its latest number amply justifies its assertion

Mr. Eric Robertson,

whose new book, "The Human Bible" (Nisbet), is reviewed in this Number.

that it is "issued to promote good fellowship." It is a succession of one good story after another from cover to cover. As a sample, here is one that should be taken to heart by all young authors who imagine that editors and publishers don't know their business: On having her novel rejected by a publisher a lady wrote indignantly saying she had proof that it had not been read, as she had pasted pages 98 and 99 together, and they were still sticking to each other. The publisher replied: "Dear Madam,—When I have the misfortune to come across a bad egg I don't feel called upon to finish it."

The Everyman Theatre, having weathered the first most critical months of a repertory theatre's life, opens this year with a special season of Bernard Shaw plays. The first, "You Never Can Tell," produced on January 24th, met with an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Brember Wills's Waiter was a delightful character study, and Miss Dorothy Massingham as Gloria and Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Valentine were admirable. It will be followed by: "Candida" and "How He Lied to Her Husband," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," and a triple bill containing "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "The Dark Lady of The Sonnets." The plays are produced by Miss Edith Craig.

"Lonely Lady ——," a joyous comedy in three acts, by Nita Faydon, makes good entertainment at the Duke of York's Theatre. A strong element of farce enters into the story, and the devastating effects of golf were never so plainly shown as in the relations between Aleen Dennison and her stalwart husband. If the fundamental idea of the play is not altogether new, it is written with so much sparkle of dialogue and acted so well that it keeps an audience laughing continuously, and promises to have a very successful run.

The Playwrights Theatre, in co-operation with the authors, has arranged to give a series of five special matinees at the Ambassador's Theatre for the benefit of managers and the public. On the 7th February they will present "Moleskin Joe," by Patrick MacGill, and on 7th March "Rhoda Fleming," adapted from Meredith's novel by A. Phillipson.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

There are graceful and charming lyrics in "The Phantom Fiddler, and Other Poems," by Cyril G. Taylor (3s. net; Daniel); but Mr. Taylor has also a gift of gentle irony, which he uses very deftly in such verses as "The Deceased"; and that he has imagination and metrical cunning is shown in the forceful and very striking poem that gives its title to this volume, and in "The Ballade of the Winding Road." It is the pathos of life, the passing away of beauty and love and all that makes life dear, that appeals to him most prevailingly, and these are the themes of "Sorrow," of "Beauty," of "The Ones that are not Near," of "He and She Look Back," and other lyrics in a little book that gives much to admire and to enjoy.

"Bolivia's Case for the League of Nations," by Jose Carrasco (5s. net; Selwyn & Blount), is a strong, well-reasoned appeal for the return to Bolivia of that part of her territory—her only outlet to the sea—annexed by Chile after the Nitrate War of 1879. The League has made possible an appeal against the barbarous old doctrine that might is right, and, as Mr. Andrew Boyle says in an excellent Introduction, this would seem to be a clear case for the League to handle, and it could not be more lucidly nor more temperately put than it is in these pages.

The story of John Clare is one of those tragedies in the biographies of poets that have their most famous example in the life of Chatterton. But Clare's was the more tragic, for it lasted so much longer. "John Clare: Poems Chiefly from Manuscript." Selected and edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter (10s. 6d. net; Cobden-Sanderson) tells in a prefatory biography the simple, poignant narrative of his chequered career, and in making this large collection of his hitherto unpublished work does a real service to literature. It is not often that, over half a century after his death, the unpublished work of any poet has been so well worth rescuing from oblivion.

NEW MUSIC.

THREE SAILOR SONGS. Music by Robert Coningsby Clarke. Words by John Masefield. 4s. net. (Chappell.)

A fine set of songs, distinctly original and characteristic, are Coningsby Clarke's three Sailor Songs—"Cargoes," "A Sailor's Prayer" and "The Emigrant": words by John Masefield. They are as refreshing and invigorating as the tang of salt spray, and are worthy successors to "Sea-Fever," which in itself is sufficient praise to those who know this wonderful song. To the uninitiated we would strongly commend these "Sailor Songs," as we believe that they will find them the "something different" that is always in demand.

THE MASTER KNOT. Song Cycle from Omar Khayyám. By Denis Ashleigh. 3s. 6d. net. (Collard, Moutrie.)

Denis Ashleigh's Song Cycle from Omar Khayyám has melody and Eastern mystery in it; yet it retains a simplicity which is particularly desirable in this kind of cycle. It should prove a popular setting of the ever-popular Omar poems.

SONGS FROM MEMORY-LAND. Music by Arthur F. Tate. Words by Edward Lockton. 3s. 6d. net. (Cary.)

Four tuneful songs—reminiscent of the Guy d'Hardelot school—are contained in this album by Arthur F. Tate. The songs are pleasing and dainty. "That Hour With You" has a haunting refrain which makes a special appeal.

NURSERY SECRETS. A Little Suite for Young People for Piano. By Felix White. 2s. net. (Keith, Prowse.)

Quaint little pieces, with an easy setting suitable for little fingers, are "Nursery Secrets," by Felix White. "The Forbidden Fairy Tale" (with ghosts in it) will delight and thrill small players. This story without words should be a great help in keeping youngsters interested in their music lessons. "A Dream of the Russian Ballet," "Who Broke the New Toy?" and "Why the Flies Go Round and Round" are the titles of the three other pieces in this delightful little album.

THE READER.

THE INFLUENCE OF KEATS.

By Eugene Mason.

(*October 31st, 1795—February 23rd, 1821.*)

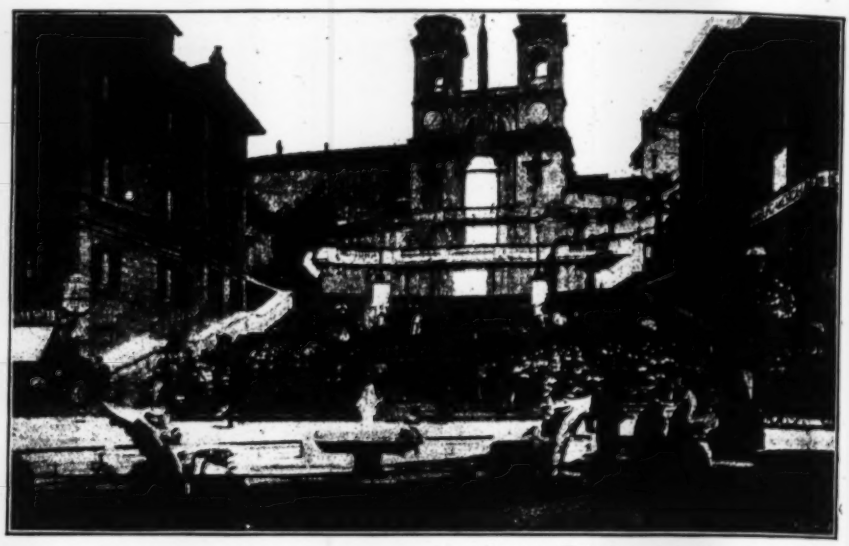
ON the 15th day of April, 1445, a young girl of marvellous beauty was found in one of the ancient tombs which then bordered the Appian Way. Though she had lain for ages and ages in her uninviting retreat she was yet alive—at least it almost seemed that she lived, so fulfilled were her hair and her eyes "with the sweetness and light of the spring." An inscription upon her grave recorded the bare fact that her name was Julia—Julia, the daughter of Claudius. The beautiful maiden was carried in triumph to the Capitol, and for a short space of time the artists and poets of the city came to dream over so wonderful a vision. The priests and the civil authorities, however, agreed that such proceedings could not be tolerated in any reputable society, for the one order feared lest the people should return to paganism, whilst the other argued that the proper place for a dead body was the grave. At the first convenient opportunity, therefore, they restored Julia to the decent obscurity of her home, with as little fuss as possible, and after the interlude of this nine days' wonder, respectable, humdrum, commonplace life went on as before, undisturbed by any disquieting reminder of forgotten and buried beauty. I tell this story for what it is worth, and I do not tell it on affidavit. Half-believers—whom I heartily despise—hint that it is a mere parable of the Renaissance, of that time when the Middle Ages took fire from the classical torch. If this be true, and my legend but a fond thing vainly invented, I must console myself with the thought that the apotheosis of Julia occurred not only on a certain spring morning of the fifteenth century in Rome, but has chanced once and again in divers countries and periods ever since. For wherever art is touched to passion and to finer issues by the counsels of perfection from a great past, there Julia, the daughter of Claudius (perhaps under another name) is borne from her tomb with pomp to the market-place; and it is because our own England of the prosaic nineteenth century witnessed such an awakening, that I have ventured to introduce my little apologue in a paper on John Keats.

John Keats.

By J. Severn. From the original water-colour miniature given by Keats to Fanny Brawne, and bequeathed by Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., to the Hampstead Library.

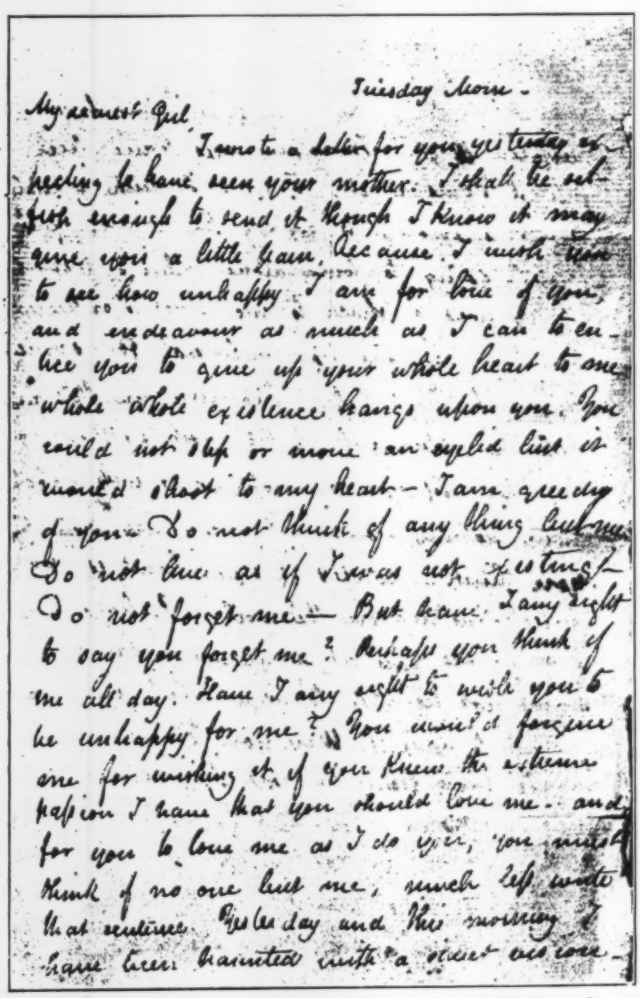
John Keats died on February 23rd, 1821, not having completed his twenty-sixth year. Biographies of poets are not always Bank-holiday reading, and in a certain sense the life of Keats is no exception to the common rule. His poetry, copious and marvellous as it was, did not afford him the oatmeal on which Meredith somehow managed to cultivate literature, for, as Browning pertinently inquires, "What porridge had John Keats?" He was harassed continually by financial difficulties. Ambition put a maggot in his brain; passion fevered his blood; and he fell sick of a consumption. Critics and his contemporaries proved often as bleak as his destiny. The highest praise Keats got from Wordsworth, always generous in appreciation, was that his ode was a very pretty piece of paganism. Byron, with characteristic large-heartedness, wrote to his publisher, "No more Keats, I entreat; flay him alive; if some of you don't I must skin him myself; there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin." The careful charity of Blackwood—solicitous for an erring apothecary—bade him back to his gallipots, and urged him to "stick to his plasters, pills and ointment boxes." He died a stranger in a strange land, apparently a hopeless failure, leaving a name which he modestly trusted would be inscribed amongst the English poets, and an epitaph which recorded the bitterness of his humiliation. Yet the same century which witnessed his failure, registered the complete triumph of his plea upon appeal. The growth of no literary fame has been steadier and more continuous than that of John Keats. A consensus of judgment by his peers has pronounced with FitzGerald that he is "more akin to Shakespeare, in a perfect circle of poetic faculties, than any poet since"; with Tennyson, that he "would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all"; with Dr. Bridges, "If one English poet might be recalled from the dead to continue the work which he left unfinished on earth, it is probable that the crown of his country's desire would be set on the head of John Keats." But even more significant of Keats's position in literature than any praise, however

glowing and sincere, is the astonishing influence he has exerted on the poetry of the last one hundred years. Being dead he yet speaketh by the mouth of those whose tongue-string he hath unloosed. I take it that Keats's peculiar genius may be defined, inadequately, as a sense of Beauty, quickened by imagination, and touched with emotion, expressed in terms of the most compelling and flawless art. It is impossible to study modern English poetry without finding evidences of his influence on every side. Keats's conscious—almost self-conscious—artistry, his æsthetic, the principles underlying and forming the basis of his art, his devotion to certain forms and schools of verse, his grave and coloured music, such things as these are plainly recognisable in the writings, and as the preferences, of his successors. The very greatest of them seem unable to escape this influence, for it is subtle and ambient as the air. Tennyson was his creature in a far larger measure than the late Laureate ever recognised—Tennyson even. Rossetti managed to combine a devotion to Coleridge with his worship of Keats; but Morris was whole-hearted in allegiance, holding him to be the first of modern poets. Quite naturally it was the colour, the romance, the mediævalism, of "The Eve of St. Agnes," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "The Eve of St. Mark" which inspired their enthusiasm. They were painters all, and the latter fragment might well have been torn from the pages of "The Earthly Paradise." The minor writers of the same school followed, and exaggerated, such salient features, becoming too frequently but garish replicas of a great original. And in these later days—on which the ends of the world seem come—the most distinguished of our younger poets clearly have realised themselves in his mould and music. Flecker, the most gifted of them all, technically, was saturated with his qualities; and neither Mr. Squire's *Moon*, nor Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Leda*, would have borne quite the same aspect had it not been for their creators' intimate acquaintance with the master's handiwork.



Santa Trinita dei Monti, Rome.

The house in which Keats died is on the right hand side of the steps.



Tuesday Morn.

My dearest Girl,

... I wrote a letter for you yesterday expecting to have seen your mother. I shall be selfish enough to send it though I know it may give you a little pain, because I wish you to see how unhappy I am for love of you, and endeavour as much as I can to endeavour you to give up your whole heart to one whose whole existence hangs upon you. You could not slip on more an oyster like is moulded closer to my heart—I am greedy of you. Do not think of any thing but me. Do not live as if I was not existing!—Do not forget me!—But dear I am right to say you forget me? Perhaps you think of me all day. Have I any right to wish you to be unhappy for me? You must forgive me for wishing it if you knew the extreme passion I have that you should love me—and for you to love me as I do you, you must think of no one but me, much less write that sentence. Yesterday and this morning I have been haunted with a sweet voice—

Facsimile of part of letter from Keats to Fanny Brawne.

From the original which was formerly in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, Bart.

It would be idle to contend that Keats's influence on contemporary literature is so apparent now as on that of some previous generations. The appalling cataclysm of the war has induced a new scale of values, æsthetic and moral. The themes selected by our youthful poets are not such as lend themselves to ornate treatment; and young men in a hurry have no time to waste on elaboration of technique. But though his example may be neglected, it should not be concluded that his reputation is on the wane. The very reverse is the case. It was but in 1917 that Sir Sidney Colvin's monumental life of the

poet appeared, and was received deservedly with every mark of interest and approval. Sir Sidney Colvin belongs, of course, to an earlier generation, but in the appreciation of Keats's genius the Young Guard marches steadily to the support of the veterans of Marengo. They are in cordial agreement with the highest estimate of the value of Keats's work, but they emphasise strongly the potential capacity of his gifts. There is, indeed, every indication both in his correspondence and in the Induction to "Hyperion," that Keats was groping his way to a simpler and a fuller form of self-expression. In this new art the head was to count for more than the chaplet, and the arm to be worthier than its jewelled bracelet. Porphyro and Madeline, for instance, as human beings with human passions, would dominate a rewritten "Eve of St. Agnes," instead of remaining gracious abstractions, purely subsidiary to a sumptuous and obliterating decoration. This may well be true, but discarding prophecy, and accepting his work with all its imperfections on its head, just as it stands, the commentary of Arnold on Keats's modest phrase, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," must win heartfelt approval from every student of literature, "He is, he is with Shakespeare."

Keats on his Death-bed.
Painted by Joseph Severn in 1821.

At a time when English poetry was a nymph of measure and of restraint, who went attired in a gown of Quaker grey, Julia, the daughter of Claudius, again was discovered in her tomb. Amongst the earliest of those who came to wonder upon her loveliness was John Keats. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the divine Spirit of Poetry incalculably chose an ostler's son for her mouthpiece. He loved the principle of Beauty in all things. Nature, Greek legends, Gothic cathedrals, Renaissance pictures—he looked upon them all with the eye of a lover. But this apprehension of beauty was the more common of the two gifts with which he was endowed. She gave him also that passion for perfection which alone permits the faultless vision to be rendered into the equally impeccable line. He was never content until he had loaded every rift of his subject with ore. The very phrase and verse he discarded in the effort are still a treasure-trove for the lesser artist. He is the Titian of poets in his glow and colour and sensuous grace. For a hundred years his influence is over all our literature, and modern writers are largely the work of his hand and the breath of his inspiration. His name is written, not in water, as he said in his dejection, but wherever an English poet gazes simply and directly on Beauty, and translates his emotion into flawless verse.

EDUCATIONAL PIONEERS.

By Professor John Adams.

IN spite of the present depressed state of educational stock on the political Exchange there never was a time when expert school people showed more initiative. The spirit of inquiry and enterprise is abroad. However unwilling it may be to pay for it, the public is certainly deeply interested in education, and very willing to talk about it. Mr. Ernest Young may therefore confidently expect that his new book will attract attention and be discussed with some vigour. As editor* he presents no fewer than twenty-seven examples of pioneer work, each treated by an author who writes from first-hand knowledge. All the slogans of modern educational progress get ample illustration in these two hundred and forty-seven pages of remarkably clear type—self-activity, respect for the educand's individuality, anti-bookishness, rational bookishness, open-air teaching, learning by doing, all the varieties of the Play Way, the care of the body, manual work, the manufacture of dunces and their ultimate elimination. The only lack is the customary denunciation of educational systems in general. Either by inspiring his contributors with optimism or by rejecting the work of pessimists, Mr. Young has succeeded in producing a book marked by the rare quality of positive and constructive criticism. Adverse comment is of course not entirely absent, as for example in the remark on the ordinary Council schools: "In no way do they fit him [the child] to face the problems of life." But such criticisms are rare, and when they do occur they are accompanied by a suggestion of a definite way of removing the defect indicated. Each contributor appears to set out with the intention of taking present defects for granted and of presenting his contribution in such a way as to emphasise positive advantages. No doubt there is a certain danger in thus writing from the standpoint of an advocate. But we are so accustomed to the boredom of reading diatribes against the prevailing educational systems that we are grateful for this presentation of the actual efforts being made just now to reach a more rational practice of education.

To be sure, many of us are suspicious of such titles as "The New Era," whether in education or in other departments. We find so much that is familiar in those "new" schemes; but we whose business it is to read all

* "The New Era in Education." Edited by Ernest Young. 3s. 6d. net. (Philip.)

the books on education as they appear, are apt to forget that what is trite to us may be pleasantly novel to some others. In any case, the present book does not depend on the newness of the ideas presented; its value consists largely in the account it gives of the results of experiments that have been actually performed. It is one thing to advocate skilfully a particular line of action; it is another to exemplify its application to the conditions of real life. Mr. Young is generous enough to believe that "every reader will know of one [experiment] that is better than any herein described," but this polite view is too optimistic. What is really meant is that the editor is unwilling to claim either completeness or finality for any of the schemes he includes in his book. He tells us frankly that "none of the accounts could be read to a jury of teachers and get a unanimous verdict": and this he claims as a merit. Each reader will accordingly select some experiment for special study or criticism. For myself I am greatly attracted by Canon Lonsdale Ragg's chapter on "Transmutation," which means the expression in verse of the impression produced by various pieces of music. I do not feel competent to deal with the musical side, but was attracted by the set of children's verses. Like Maggie Tulliver I may have missed the principle, but I enjoyed the illustrations. Several of the schemes are fairly well known, but on that very account have an added importance. No one, for example, who has read and admired Mr. C. T. Smith's "The Music of Life" will fail to welcome his "Music and Citizenship." Mr. Edward Green's account of the school work of the Halifax Public Library is full of useful suggestions. But, short of a catalogue of the twenty-seven articles, it is impossible to do justice to the book; none of the articles is negligible and some of them are of permanent value. That the writers do not think of themselves more highly than they ought to think is shown by the caution on p. 39 against accepting laudatory press notices as a true account of what is being done in certain schools. This reminds me of Mr. Norman MacMunn's warning in his just published "Child's Path to Freedom," that writers do a disservice to education when they convey the impression that our present teachers are a regenerated race, and have given up the old-fashioned methods against which so much is being written. We may accept his warning, and yet point to the present book, and to that published by Miss Alice Woods last year, to prove that there is at least a vigorous growing point in the present-day educational organism, and that by and by the new spirit will leaven the whole lump.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

By Frederic Whyte.

DURING all the twenty years of our intimate acquaintance I have never been able to think of Philip Gibbs without thinking also of David Copperfield. Even now as a man of forty, with his remarkably youthful countenance, he would still look David Copperfield to the life if only he wore his hair a little longer and his trousers a little tighter. There is a great deal of David in his character no less than in his personal appearance—in his grave simplicity, his unobtrusive humour, his depth of feeling, his wide sympathies, his keenly observant interest in everything, human nature most of all. And then, into the bargain, there is his literary and journalistic career. Had David Copperfield gone forth as a "War Special" who can doubt but that his record would have been just such as the record of Philip Gibbs? Incidentally he would doubtless have become "Sir David." I like to picture Mr. Wilkins Micawber inditing a letter of congratulation to the young friend whom he can never again address as "My dear Copperfield."

It was on a spot hallowed by memories, not indeed of David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, but of their creator, that Philip Gibbs and I first met—at La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, the site of one of the celebrated old coaching inns of London, now for two score years and more the centre from which the multifarious publications of Cassell & Co. radiate over the British Empire. Young Philip, whose father was an inspector of schools, had recently joined Cassell & Co.'s editorial staff as assistant to the manager of their Education Department, Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., a very serious and strenuous man, and something of a celebrity in the world of politics. The twenty-year-old new-comer put his back into the work and soon made himself quite an educational expert, but a better opening which offered elsewhere put an early end to this stage in his career.

The better opening was that of editor of Tillotson's Fiction Bureau at Bolton, in Lancashire. Here also he made his mark. As a change from the countless novels and short stories which it was his business to procure for those wholesale literary purveyors, he introduced a curiously interesting new "feature" of his own, under the effective title, "Knowledge is Power"—a miscellany of extracts from all kinds of books with a running commentary by himself and original contributions from chance correspondents, famous or obscure. It was a huge success. That gift of sympathy which was to be so great a factor in his achievements as a war correspondent now revealed itself and brought him all kinds of communications—thousands of them—from all corners of the globe. I doubt whether anybody in England, except Mr. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, had so wonderful a letter-bag.

But Bolton is a dismal hole and Philip Gibbs and his young wife—whom he had married in his teens—longed again for London. So we find him installed presently at Carmelite House on the staff of the *Daily Mail*. After the *Daily Mail* came, if I remember right, the *Daily Chronicle* and a first experience of that work as a "special reporter" which, with the writing of books, was to be his chief occupation during the subsequent years. I forget what he published first but I know that a biography of the Duke of Buckingham was one of his earliest ventures. Presently the *Tribune*, the loudly heralded new morning newspaper which was to be the

organ of the Liberal Party, entered on its luckless existence, with Philip Gibbs as its literary editor. The *Tribune* died ingloriously within a year, but its literary editor turned his experience to excellent account in his best novel, "The Street of Adventure."

What year was it that Dr. Cook did *not* reach the North Pole? I forget and I am jotting down these very imperfect memories in a remote village many miles away from any reference books. Anyway Philip was at Copenhagen with a number of other London journalists, among them Mr. Stead, to meet that accomplished — explorer. Every one else swallowed Dr. Cook's concoctions but Philip Gibbs refused to do so. He smelt a rat and he went for the unfortunate impostor like a veritable rat-terrier. All his newspaper colleagues thought he was making a fool of himself—even Mr. Stead urged him to desist, declaring that he was ruining his whole career. I remember how anxious I was for him myself for he seemed to be judging by instinct rather than on evidence and there was material for a libel action in his every message. But he was perfectly right and all ended happily—except for poor Dr. Cook.

Photo by Vandyk.

Sir Philip Gibbs.

Now I must skip some years and come to the war in the Balkans. I suppose there never was so raw a war correspondent as the Philip Gibbs who was then sent out (by the *Daily Graphic*) to describe the fighting. As the most experienced and most distinguished of all the old stagers expressed it, he looked the sort of dreamy youth who would always leave his kit behind and never know how to get himself a square meal. But within a very few weeks he proved himself on the contrary to be a young man of much resourcefulness and he accomplished his mission right well. So well that, when the great war broke out in 1914, he was among the first "specials" to go to the front.

How splendidly he acquitted himself during those long and terrible years needs no recounting. In a review of one of his war books that same Balkan colleague of his, cited above, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, whose own record of the Dardanelles campaign is a military classic, declared generously: "He has done better work than any of us." That is the general verdict. Without Nevinson's own profound knowledge and fastidious literary style, without many of the gifts to be found among his other competitors, Philip Gibbs, by right chiefly of his pluck and grit and pertinacity and his warm sympathy and observant eyes, is held by almost every one to rank first among all the British chroniclers of the war.

What of his future? Who can prophesy? Certainly not himself. He has never been a far-seeing planner-out of his own life. He has just jogged along, with an occasional big spurt. Perhaps the biggest spurt of all, brought to a close with the ending of the great war, is now to be followed by another of a new kind. His acceptance of the editorship of the *Review of Reviews* suggests as much. A man must gird up his loins in order to follow worthily in the footsteps of the brave and brilliant founder of that famous periodical.

Yet many of Sir Philip's friends would not have been surprised if with his latest volume, "People of Destiny"* —wherein, with a sympathy and appreciation almost unexampled among English writers, he has recorded his impressions of the United States—he had decided to withdraw from London altogether. I fancy that a quiet country life with his pen and his books is what he really yearns for even now. He is a genuine bookman—not a scholar exactly, but a real *lover* of books. Except music he has no other absorbing enthusiasms. Reading and writing, writing and reading—that is how it is natural to him to spend his existence. Thus employed, with his wife and fine young son for company, Philip Gibbs is the happy man he deserves to be.

* "People of Destiny." By Sir Philip Gibbs. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse addressed to the new Jurywomen.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Hilary Thorpe, of 4, Crane Hill, Ipswich, and to Barbara E. Todd, of Kirk Sardel Rectory, Doncaster, for the following:

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

Once, in the sunset, when the light was failing,
There I saw a castle, a castle all of Spain;
Golden its turrets were and hung with red roses.
The dim sky was paling
And the moon on the wane.

At morning, by the quay-side, where the mist went drifting,
There I saw a tall ship, a-bound for Cathay;
Silver her masts were with rigging of cobwebs,
The summer mist was lifting
As she went on her way.

In the rainy Autumn, when the leaves were turning,
I passed a dying bonfire where the smoke curled slow;
In the red embers I saw a broken castle
And a tall ship a-burning
With the deep below.

HILARY THORPE.

TO DILLYS.

Where dimples twinkle out and in
From damask cheek to rounded chin,
A pixie poked his finger in
To see if you were fairy kin,
And found you were, without a doubt,
For still they twinkle in and out.

Where freckles cluster, I suppose,
The sun—and everybody knows—
Mistook your blushes for a rose,
Left golden kisses on your nose,
That all the world might understand
How you were loved in fairy land.

Forget-me-nots once chanced to look
Within your eyes, and so mistook
Their dewy deepness for the brook
And loved them better, so they took
To growing always there instead,
Or so at least a fairy said.

And so, though other men may seek
The modelled beauty of the Greek,
I rather love your dimpled cheek
And golden freckles that can speak
Of wilder loves and freer grace
In some remembering fairy place.

BARBARA E. TODD.

We also select for printing:

TO CORPORAL B——, D.C.M., COAL STRIKING.

Have we not suffered, you and I, together?
Together known the worst and best of things,
The winter trench, the rest in sunny weather,
The brotherhood a shared endeavour brings?
Shall we forget so soon the shrapnel's wailing,
The sickly reek of gas-fumes drifting by,
While still with soul and body well-nigh failing
We served the guns together, you and I?

Who never knew the places horror-haunted,
The houseless city and the fruitless land,
Nor saw your courage shining there undaunted,
How should we judge you now, or understand!
By all that we two gave, not priced with gold,
What could you ask me now and I withhold!

(C. A. Macartney, 11, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris 6e.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by T. Sharp (Hatfield), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), James Paton (Natal), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Margaret Hill (Southampton), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Ian Cameron (Putney), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Muriel Pinch (St. Leonards), W. H. Forster (Islington), Isobel Sim (Pietermaritzburg), Ivan Adair (Dublin), H. Drury (Streatham), Link Lodge (Forest Rise), A. E. Daniel (Reading), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), Evelyn St. John (London, N.W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), "Wanderer" (South Tottenham), Haywood Magee (Leeds), C. M. Walkerdine (Thornton Heath), Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), Mark Segal (London, N.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. M. E. Brown, of 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, for the following:

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Skim milk masquerades as cream."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, Act II.

We also select for printing:

OUR ELIZABETH. BY FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs,
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs."
MAX ADELER, *Out of the Hurly Burly.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE HAND IN THE DARK. BY ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane.)

". . . His ghost is more terrible far than the ghosts
Of many more famous than he. . . ."
ROBERT FULLER MURRAY, *Andrew M'Crie.*

(K. J. Noble, Link Lodge, 9, Forest Rise, E.17.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Valentine in four lines of original verse to any living celebrity is awarded to M. A. Lotz, of 13, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19, for the following:

A VALENTINE. TO ELLEN TERRY.

This card, ten thousand lovers send
To Ellen, still the world's good friend;
Enchantress of the young and old,
Within, there lies a heart of gold.

The replies have been very plentiful, but otherwise rather disappointing. The Prize would have gone to Evelyn St. John, but her (or his) lines are not addressed to any definite celebrity. W. Swayne Little's Valentine to Sir Martin Harvey would have stood a chance but no man can be allowed to rhyme Sir Martin with Sidney Carton. We specially commend the twelve sent by Barbara J. Parker (Worcester), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), M. F. E. C. (Hornsey), Betty Cluff (Cookstown), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Roundhay), M. M. Priestley (Malvern), William Donald (Ayr), Elinor M. Dyer (Darlington), C. H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Edith Escombe (Bishopstoke), A. E. Halliday (Leeds).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to E. Robin, of St. Clement's House, Bolsover Street, W.1, for the following:

THE CAPTIVES. BY HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan.)

The two impressions that stand out clearly in this book are Maggie Cardinal's courageous simplicity, and

the feeling of oppression, as though Maggie and Martin were struggling against an unseen evil power. From the opening of the book, with the death of Maggie's father and its sordid revelations, Maggie, like "Alice," wanders, clear eyed, but puzzled, through a "wonderland" consisting of the Aunts, the parrot, and the Inside Saints. And then, later, there is Paul Trenchard, and the strange, inconsequential Grace. At last, her courage nearly failing her, she rescues Martin from himself, and together they find freedom.

We also select for printing:

BLISS AND OTHER STORIES.
By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

This audacious and compelling collection of vivid episodes and studies has appeared at an opportune moment. Highbrows are at present concerned with the art of the short story, and aver that we cannot hope for pre-eminent short stories from English writers, any more than we can look for supreme native Grand Opera. "Bliss" has given the lie direct. Miss Mansfield possesses exceptional power of suggestion, commendable reticence and a capacity for telling much in few words. These qualities, allied with an interest in the abnormal and unpleasant, and a rare understanding of children, have produced a brilliant and provocative volume.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Millicent Burbridge (Westcliff-on-Sea), B. C. Hardy (Bournemouth), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Frances M. M. Cowper (Oxford), John Allen (Bury), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Alfred Green (Skipton), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Arthur B. Longbottom (Derby), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Florence Parsons, of Norcott House, Ellesmere Road, Altrincham.

MRS. F. E. PENNY.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

IN a distinguished group of Anglo-Indian women novelists of which Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Mrs. Alice Perrin, Mrs. B. M. Croker, Miss Maud Diver and Miss I. A. R. Wylie are prominent members, Mrs. F. E. Penny occupies an enviable and well-deserved place, both in regard to achievement and popularity.

Long residence in India, a gift of sympathy, powers of keen observation, and a touch of humour form no inadequate equipment for a novelist who seeks to bring before her readers the complexities and peculiarities of Oriental life and character. Mrs. Penny, during her twenty-five years in India as the wife of the Rev. Frank Penny (who was a chaplain in Madras) and an observer of much missionary activity, saw a great deal of the inside of native life, and of various portions of that vast Indian Empire to acquire a knowledge of which must be the work of years.

In all her books there is firstly a good story—for Mrs. Penny is undoubtedly a born story-teller—and a facility of expression which takes the reader right into the picture without delay. She has, too, the gift of observing and differentiating character. They are human people who fill her pages; they do human things; live ordinary human lives. The author's high spirits—for Mrs. Penny is still young in heart, sympathy and outlook—are present in the pages of her books.

The Rev. Frank Penny and Mrs. Penny
at tea in their Indian home.

Her first novel, "Caste and Creed," was published some thirty years ago, and nearly every year has seen a story from her pen, till a full score of volumes more than fill a shelf of her library. All have been quarried from that inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience laid up during years of observation in a country the romance and colour of which provide a vein of material that will never be worked out.

Mrs. Penny laughingly admits that, like many other Anglo-Indians, she went out to India in 1877 possessed of the idea that she "knew a lot about the country." But she says, "I soon found I knew next to nothing. I did not, of course, expect to meet a tiger on the landing-stage, nor to have a snake in my bedroom. But

I discovered many things very quickly for which I was quite as unprepared as I should have been for the tiger."

She arrived at the time of one of those terrible human crises which afflict India, a famine year. In fact, in the year of the Great Famine.

On arrival at Madras she had to be carried ashore from the surf-boat on the back of a coolie. She was deposited, armed with nothing but a sunshade, on the sands. Her husband, being a mere man, had to wait till all the ladies had been carried ashore before landing.

The famine was brought home to the new-comers immediately. On the beach there were thousands of villagers from up-country who had come to the coast because there were sacks of rice and grain on the shore and quays awaiting transport to the famine areas of the interior. To obtain food was their object. The method of obtaining it was beautifully simple. The natives simply bored a hole in the sacks, inserted their fingers, and caught the little stream of rice, as it poured out, in their palms.

Photo by Clive Holland.

Mrs. F. E. Penny.

Nowadays, when India has its railways, tramways and taxis, Mrs. Penny's travelling experiences must appear strange. She went to the hotel in a "bandy," or native carriage. The driver sat on the roof! And all that could be seen of him by the passengers inside was a pair of brown legs, and cracked and much scarred brown heels.

The hotel, once the residence occupied by General Capper, was in a dilapidated condition. And the owner came, and with many salaams requested the "honourable master" (Mr. Penny) who had just arrived from England to advance him two rupees so that he could get the honourable master and mem sahib some dinner!

Destiny must have brought the future novelist to Madras; to the cathedral of which her husband had been appointed. A close neighbour of theirs in their first home was Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Lawson, the editor and proprietor of the well-known *Madras Mail*.

"I had, even in early girlhood, possessed a love of scribbling," Mrs. Penny told me, "and I soon started to see whether my new acquaintance would help me to publication. I wrote something, a sketch if I remember rightly, and had the temerity to send it to the great man. It was terrible rubbish, of course, and naturally he returned it. But when next we met he smiled encouragement, and I went at it again."

But it was not till after she went to Trichinopoly that the would-be writer succeeded in getting her work accepted and published. At last the articles she wrote pleased the editor of the *Madras Mail*, and after a time a series was commissioned upon a special subject, and she was also asked to do reviewing. She considers the early disappointments of rejected MSS., and the training she indirectly got from Sir Charles Lawson by way of advice and criticism, were most valuable to her as a future novelist. And here Mrs. Penny gives a hint to beginners. "Always seek to please an editor. It is worth while. The matter of length, and a strict adherence to the line he wishes taken, and the general tone of the paper or magazine is far more important than many novices appear to conceive. It may not be flattering to one's self, but undoubtedly an article 'just the length' to fill a column or a page may gain acceptance where something much better but too long, or too short, will be rejected."

When Mrs. Penny went to the Nilgiri Hills with her husband, who was appointed chaplain to the military station, Wellington, Colonel and Mrs. Croker were their next-door neighbours. It was the late Mrs. B. M. Croker, many of whose novels have an Indian setting, who encouraged Mrs. Penny to become a novelist. At that time Mrs. Croker had just published "Diana Barrington," one of her most popular books. Her name had been made by a book, which I believe was her first, entitled "Proper Pride." There is a good story relating to it. Mr. Gladstone had made one of his stirring and fighting speeches in the House. Afterwards he was seen calmly reading a book, which so engaged his attention that he did not appear even to notice what was being said about him by his opponents. Some one looked over his shoulder and read the title. The book was by Mrs. Croker, and the title of it "Proper Pride." Naturally the publishers, by means of the personal paragraph, made the most of the fact, and no doubt the incident helped that excellent novel to achieve its great popularity.

Speaking of Mrs. Croker's friendship, which was maintained from those early days in India until her death last autumn, Mrs. Penny told me: "Mrs. Croker did not hesitate to advise me to take up novel writing. She said, not untruly, that journalism, in the end, leaves one very much where one was at the beginning.

There is little permanence in such work. She gave me most generous encouragement, and was really the means of my becoming a novelist. I used often in those days to crawl through the hedge that separated the two gardens to have a chat upon literary topics."

Mrs. Penny's first novel, "Caste and Creed," which was one of the last novels published in the old two-volume form at one guinea, was afterwards rewritten and issued at six shillings. In this, and in many of her other novels, Mrs. Penny has made good use of her personal experiences and knowledge of India and Anglo-Indian and native society, and the local colour is always vivid and convincing.

Sometimes Mrs. Penny, as in her story, "The Sanyasi," has taken a definite Indian type as principal character. In this way she has been able often to reveal vividly and intimately the strange workings of the native mind. In the story I have mentioned, the "Sanyasi," or holy man, who is a religious mendicant and fanatic, plays a double part, and both as an ascetic and as a member of Anglo-Indian society he exhibits that astounding ability to adapt himself to circumstances which distinguishes the better-class Indians. At the present juncture, when India is so disturbed, an illuminating glimpse may be obtained from this novel of some of the forces which to-day are making for unrest. There is a delightful portion of the book dealing with the Ceylon Pearl Fishery. And the girl of mixed race, Averine Desormieux, who is the heroine, is a type with which Mrs. Penny had considerable personal acquaintance.

On the question of "mixed" marriages Mrs. Penny holds very strong opinions. In one of the most successful of her earlier novels, "A Mixed Marriage," the views are developed in a very powerfully conceived and well written story. In this, Lorina Carlyon, fired by the idea of becoming a reformer and of improving the status of women of the harem, whose condition she had been told was soul-destroying, married Mir Yakoob Ali Khan, an Oxford Indian student who had made the acquaintance of St. George Carlyon, Lorina's brother, and came to stay with him. The story of how Lorina fails in her mission; her interesting and exciting experiences in the harem as an Indian prince's bride, but with the marriage unconsummated because of Indian customs which had not yet been observed, is a fascinating one, throwing much light on the attitude of native women to foreigners generally. The psychology of the novel is especially good, and by means of it the reader gains an insight of the kind of life led by Indian women of twenty years or so ago, but now, in a measure, becoming a thing of the past.

Mrs. Penny, in speaking of present conditions in India, laid especial stress upon the Eurasian question. There is a far larger Eurasian population than is generally realised by people at home. These children of European fathers and Hindu mothers are nowadays desirous of being recognised as Anglo-Indians. The present unrest is indicative of a testing time which will, Mrs. Penny thinks, soon arrive, when the Eurasians and other people of mixed blood will be put to it to vindicate their superior claims and hold their own against the natives. The Eurasians have never been popular with the latter; they have, indeed, been almost more despised by natives than by the Europeans themselves. "They have many difficulties to contend with and as time goes on," said Mrs. Penny, "the English in India will be less able to help them."

In 1908 Mrs. Penny published an interesting though slight volume of reminiscences under the title of "The Coromandel Coast." In it are gathered together many interesting facts and personal experiences relating to those Indian days, the subjects of which range from fisherfolk to ghosts, from devils to famine. In the foreword there is an interesting passage from Mark Twain, who writes: "One thing is sure; they (the natives of India) are much the most interesting people in the world—and the nearest to being incomprehensible. . . . Their character and their history, their customs and their religion confront you with riddles at every turn . . . riddles which are a trifle more perplexing after they are explained than before."

I think that it may be fairly claimed for Mrs. Penny that, for the average English reader, who does not care to devote time to the study of abstruse works upon Indo-religion, history and sociology, she has elucidated much, and done not a little to bring to our ken the glamour, mystery and complexity of the India of the immediate past.

In her two recent books we have two distinct phases of her work. In "Desire and Delight" she tells a charming modern love story of Mary Edenhope and the husband from whom she was estranged. In "Diamonds" we have an historical novel of considerable merit, dealing with the early days of "John Company," and alive with the exciting adventures that belonged to that period, with some diamond smuggling of an ingenious character woven into the story.

Speaking of her Indian days, Mrs. Penny told us that her chief amusement, as she did not go in for sport, was exploring the bazars, and wandering about the streets of Trichinopoly and Madras. As she was supposed to possess a lucky hand, and had a son and a husband alive, which is considered by natives a great blessing, she was generally a welcome visitor to native houses. "So long," added Mrs. Penny, "as I kept out of the kitchen. If I had entered there the food would have had to be thrown away, as I should have defiled it."

Nowadays, though Mrs. Penny is busy as ever with literary work in her home at Ealing, where she lives with her husband and her daughter, who is a talented miniature painter, and has done the cover-designs of several of her mother's novels, she still finds time for other interests. A charming garden, which in the summer is a veritable blaze of colour and full of fragrance, claims its share in her spare time. No Indian garden ever showed a more gorgeous riot of colour, while a huge and almost "immemorial" elm diapers the green lawn with shadows in sunlight. The local Girl Guides organisation owes a good deal to Mrs. Penny's sympathy, help and enthusiasm: especially was this so in the early days when the movement, locally, was in its infancy. But with many other interests, and between occasional visits to old friends, and taking part in debates at the Women Writers' Club, Mrs. Penny is busily engaged on a couple of new novels, which she expects to have finished in time for publication this year.

New Books.

THE DRUDGE AND THE DREAM.*

The new Cinderella (like Peter Pan) is a nestling of "The Little White Bird." The egg is called Irene. Every reader of that delightful fantasy will remember David's brave and implacable little nurse, with her strong views of the behaviour of young ladies and gentlemen and her passionate belief in the kitchen-drudge who became a princess. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is just Irene's romance filled out and developed. It was exquisite on the stage, and it is just as exquisite to read, with its humorous, tender accompaniment of comment and description. If you were lucky enough to see Hilda Trevelyan as the little drudge (alias "Celeste et Cie., the Penny Friend") and Gerald du Maurier as the peculiar blend of stolidity and romance known to fact as a Policeman, you will enjoy it doubly. You will also enjoy, though a little sadly, the echoes of the war that is not yet over—the comradeship between the wounded Tommy and the titled probationer, and the prophecies of a new fraternity of the social classes. Well, has anybody noticed this new fraternity lately? Such a play as this, with all its frail and gossamer texture, is a vastly better sermon than any the churches have produced. Barrie's touch is "infallyable." His play is part fairy tale, part fantasy and part pantomime; but the text of all is the simple, unconscious courage of the poor. I wish the churches had been brave enough to read it to their comfortable congregations as a Christmas sermon, or message for the New Year.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THREE ART BOOKS.†

The debt of genealogists, and searchers after family portraits, to Mrs. Nevill Jackson is already considerable; and now this gifted lady increases the national indebtedness by placing within reach of thousands of English and American families the chance of recovering the portraits of their ancestors and kin of the last century. This rare treasure dropped into her hands through good fortune. It happened in this wise: The great age of the eighteenth century "profilists"—the exquisite makers of the famous "black shadows" or "shadow portrait miniatures"—had departed; by the eighteen-twenties the black profile had fallen on evil times—decay had set in, first the modelling of detail on the black shadow to debauch its whole significance, then the setting of it upon a painted or printed background—when there came to England the dapper little French refugee, August Edouart. This man, plagued by a mad conceit and a touchy snobbery that were a very disease, and at the end of his resources, had to turn to some means of earning a livelihood, at that time considered a very vulgar thing to do. In 1825, at thirty-six, he discovered that his deft fingers had given him an astoundingly nervous skill in cutting out of a piece of black paper with scissors, in three or four swift minutes, a remarkable full-length portrait in miniature of any man, woman, child or animal. Fearful of being cut by Society, he rechristened the shadow-portrait miniature the "silhouette"—by such grim irony was it that the name of Louis XVth's economical Finance Minister, Etienne de Silhouette, passing into the slang of the streets of Paris for anything cheap, was to come to so exquisite an immortality!—and so, having discovered the word wherewith to dignify his calling, Edouart set up as artist with a big A. The whole world flocked to his "gallery," the high and the less high, wheresoever he went—London, Bath, Edinburgh, Oxford, Cambridge, Wales, Ireland, America—for in 1839, at fifty, famous, he made for America and there too everybody who was anybody came to his studio. Fiercely attacking the debased state into which the "profilists" had allowed their art to drift, he was to purify it and bring it back to life. He landed in America in the very year one Daguerre was registering his appliances for taking "apothecary's pictures" in Paris. A man of orderly mind, and setting his art very high, Edouart made a habit of doubling his black paper and cutting every portrait he made in duplicate; this duplicate he set in a "Reference Folio," recording upon it every detail he could gather about his sitter, whereby he left us most valuable details of family history. By 1835, at forty-six, he had made 50,000 family portraits; it is calculated that by 1849 he had made over 100,000 portraits here and in America. There was now to fall upon the self-plagued man at sixty the tragedy of his life, a tragedy that at least proved his passionate devotion to his art. He had packed in great cases the whole of his huge folios of British portraits to take with him to America in 1839 as his witness to his high achievement; he had now in 1849 added the whole record of his American achievement. Returning to Europe with his treasure after his ten years of triumph in America in 1849, the sailing ship *Oneida* was wrecked in Vazon Bay, off the coast of Guernsey, near Christmas Eve, and but fourteen of the priceless folios of his long life's work could be saved from the sea before the doomed ship broke up on the rocks—an irreparable loss not only to Edouart but to the world, as this handsome volume makes only too clear. It broke the distracted man; his art was at an end. He gave the rescued "Reference Folios" to the Lukis family of Guernsey, who had befriended him in his day of trial, and returned to France to die in 1861. From this family of Lukis they passed lately with poetic justice to our authoress who, with Captain Desmond Coke, has done a national service by bringing back the silhouette into its fitting rank in the high achievement of the arts. No museum or

Miss Hanway.
From "Daniel Gardner" (John Lane).

* "A Kiss for Cinderella." A Comedy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Ancestors in Silhouette, cut by August Edouart." By Mrs. F. F. Nevill Jackson. £3 3s. net. (John Lane.)—"Daniel Gardner." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. £5 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Vision and Design." By Roger Fry. 25s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

August Edouart cutting the Silhouette of Liston, the Actor.

From "Ancestors in Silhouette" (John Lane).

library throughout the land can afford to be without this handsome volume, if only from its priceless genealogical value.

Doctor Williamson is a very sleuth-hound in hunting down the careers and masterpieces of men of genius in painting, who might otherwise sink into oblivion or, worse still, pass into the ranks of "artists unknown"—that exasperating legion of brilliant men whose high achievement is filched to swell the credit of the already great. His services to the history of British painting are already remarkable; but in bringing back Daniel Gardner into his own he has fulfilled a masterly feat of endurance and resolution which, had it been but his sole contribution to the history of painting, would have placed him in a foremost position in this field of research. Once he takes hold, he never lets go. By consequence we have here a superb gallery of British celebrities and people of fashion who strutted their picturesque part in the great days of George the Third, hitherto all unrecorded—an amazing treasure. The labour, which must have been prodigious, is serenely hidden within a readable and pleasant book free of all hint of weariness. He will be rewarded by the necessity of every library and museum and art lover to possess it—it must remain the foundation stone for all future research. Best of all, its illustrations are generous and its list of authentic works well recorded. The space at my disposal is all too short to pay anything like fitting tribute to this invaluable volume. Dr. Williamson has fulfilled his self-imposed task with consummate skill. The publisher also compels words of praise.

That Mr. Roger Fry should have selected Art as his "honours" subject in life was perhaps inevitable in his day—Art was upon the town. But that so pleasant a personality and so charming a speaker, the moment he takes pen in hand, should write in a jargon as baffling as the Government-English in an Income-Tax return, is amazing when his whole object is to elucidate that subtle activity of man which is Art. Still, it is in the great tradition. Perhaps it conceals from the vulgar herd. Frankly, it is but tedious Volapük to me. Art criticism has always been a failure because the critic has never first dug down to the basic significance of art and discovered its supreme necessity to man; and without that relation all judgment is invalid—empty windiness, however Oxford the accent. Here is an accomplished and cultured man of vast erudition, of tireless reading and travelling, who has never discovered the basic significance of art. He has lived always in the rarefied and exclusive atmosphere of that intellectual snobbery which is called æsthetics. He has all its utter contempt for the people—"the crowd." He pities them. He does not realise that it is he who may be the subject for pity, not the world. The people feel real vital art far more keenly than he. This book is a proof of it. Here Mr. Roger Fry gives his faith to the world—the carefully edited selection of his twenty years of writing upon art—the volume, I fancy, goes back further than that, and it gives scant idea of the many shrines on which he has turned his back; but let us discreetly take him as he desires to be judged by posterity. Mr. Fry opens by reminding us that Plato knew nothing about art; but no philosopher nor critic ever understood the basic significance of art—indeed, philosophy, which is an act of reason, has no relation to art, which is the means whereby man gains experience of life through the communion to him by his fellows of their sensations. Art is only that, but it is all that: it is thereby the supreme significance to man next to life itself, for only by and through art can man transfer to his fellow men the emotions he has felt—and for one thing we have ourselves experienced at first hand, we have experienced millions at second hand through this power to commune with our fellows. Without art, man is as one blind, in a narrow prison. It has nothing to do with being "appreciated by the mass of his educated contemporaries." Every man is an artist in his degree, and is moved by art in his degree. Tolstoy came near to discovering the basic significance of art, but proceeded to cancel and blot it out by applying to art a religious test. Even this was lost on Mr. Fry, who denies to your ordinary man the power to receive the exquisite perceptions or emotions of life and arrogates this power to a priggish clique. When art, debauched by German kultur which has put a bastard scientific aim upon it, came dribbling through Italian Futurism and French Post-Impressionism and Cubism and What Not and Blast from Elsewhere, it was Mr. Roger Fry who bowed it into England. Indeed, so deeply is he imbued with the fatuity that art is not for the people that he rushes at any painting that baffles him and hugs it to his bosom, since he feels sure that what baffles him must baffle the vulgar herd. What could be more significant than the majority of the second-rate works of art which he has selected wherewith to embellish this his Gospel of Art? He always reminds me of a very erudite man who, when fish was brought to table, begged his hostess that the skin might be sent to the kitchen to be toasted for him; who scorned a cheese that did not crawl to meet him; and would only eat his quail if it were what the daughter of the house wittily described as "sunburnt."

HALDANE MACFALL.

I discovered many things very quickly for which I was quite as unprepared as I should have been for the tiger."

She arrived at the time of one of those terrible human crises which afflict India—a famine year. In fact, in the year of the Great Famine.

On arrival at Madras she had to be carried ashore from the surf-boat on the back of a coolie. She was deposited, armed with nothing but a sunshade, on the sands. Her husband, being a mere man, had to wait till all the ladies had been carried ashore before landing.

The famine was brought home to the new-comers immediately. On the beach there were thousands of villagers from up-country who had come to the coast because there were sacks of rice and grain on the shore and quays awaiting transport to the famine areas of the interior. To obtain food was their object. The method of obtaining it was beautifully simple. The natives simply bored a hole in the sacks, inserted their fingers, and caught the little stream of rice, as it poured out, in their palms.

Photo by Clive Holland.

Mrs. F. E. Penny.

Nowadays, when India has its railways, tramways and taxis, Mrs. Penny's travelling experiences must appear strange. She went to the hotel in a "bandy," or native carriage. The driver sat on the roof! And all that could be seen of him by the passengers inside was a pair of brown legs, and cracked and much scarred brown heels.

The hotel, once the residence occupied by General Capper, was in a dilapidated condition. And the owner came, and with many salaams requested the "honourable master" (Mr. Penny) who had just arrived from England to advance him two rupees so that he could get the honourable master and mem sahib some dinner!

Destiny must have brought the future novelist to Madras; to the cathedral of which her husband had been appointed. A close neighbour of theirs in their first home was Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Lawson, the editor and proprietor of the well-known *Madras Mail*.

"I had, even in early girlhood, possessed a love of scribbling," Mrs. Penny told me, "and I soon started to see whether my new acquaintance would help me to publication. I wrote something, a sketch if I remember rightly, and had the temerity to send it to the great man. It was terrible rubbish, of course, and naturally he returned it. But when next we met he smiled encouragement, and I went at it again."

But it was not till after she went to Trichinopoly that the would-be writer succeeded in getting her work accepted and published. At last the articles she wrote pleased the editor of the *Madras Mail*, and after a time a series was commissioned upon a special subject, and she was also asked to do reviewing. She considers the early disappointments of rejected MSS., and the training she indirectly got from Sir Charles Lawson by way of advice and criticism, were most valuable to her as a future novelist. And here Mrs. Penny gives a hint to beginners. "Always seek to please an editor. It is worth while. The matter of length, and a strict adherence to the line he wishes taken, and the general tone of the paper or magazine is far more important than many novices appear to conceive. It may not be flattering to one's self, but undoubtedly an article 'just the length' to fill a column or a page may gain acceptance where something much better but too long, or too short, will be rejected."

When Mrs. Penny went to the Nilgiri Hills with her husband, who was appointed chaplain to the military station, Wellington, Colonel and Mrs. Croker were their next-door neighbours. It was the late Mrs. B. M. Croker, many of whose novels have an Indian setting, who encouraged Mrs. Penny to become a novelist. At that time Mrs. Croker had just published "Diana Barrington," one of her most popular books. Her name had been made by a book, which I believe was her first, entitled "Proper Pride." There is a good story relating to it. Mr. Gladstone had made one of his stirring and fighting speeches in the House. Afterwards he was seen calmly reading a book, which so engaged his attention that he did not appear even to notice what was being said about him by his opponents. Some one looked over his shoulder and read the title. The book was by Mrs. Croker, and the title of it "Proper Pride." Naturally the publishers, by means of the personal paragraph, made the most of the fact, and no doubt the incident helped that excellent novel to achieve its great popularity.

Speaking of Mrs. Croker's friendship, which was maintained from those early days in India until her death last autumn, Mrs. Penny told me: "Mrs. Croker did not hesitate to advise me to take up novel writing. She said, not untruly, that journalism, in the end, leaves one very much where one was at the beginning.

There is little permanence in such work. She gave me most generous encouragement, and was really the means of my becoming a novelist. I used often in those days to crawl through the hedge that separated the two gardens to have a chat upon literary topics."

Mrs. Penny's first novel, "Caste and Creed," which was one of the last novels published in the old two-volume form at one guinea, was afterwards rewritten and issued at six shillings. In this, and in many of her other novels, Mrs. Penny has made good use of her personal experiences and knowledge of India and Anglo-Indian and native society, and the local colour is always vivid and convincing.

Sometimes Mrs. Penny, as in her story, "The Sanyasi," has taken a definite Indian type as principal character. In this way she has been able often to reveal vividly and intimately the strange workings of the native mind. In the story I have mentioned, the "Sanyasi," or holy man, who is a religious mendicant and fanatic, plays a double part, and both as an ascetic and as a member of Anglo-Indian society he exhibits that astounding ability to adapt himself to circumstances which distinguishes the better-class Indians. At the present juncture, when India is so disturbed, an illuminating glimpse may be obtained from this novel of some of the forces which to-day are making for unrest. There is a delightful portion of the book dealing with the Ceylon Pearl Fishery. And the girl of mixed race, Averine Desormieux, who is the heroine, is a type with which Mrs. Penny had considerable personal acquaintance.

On the question of "mixed" marriages Mrs. Penny holds very strong opinions. In one of the most successful of her earlier novels, "A Mixed Marriage," the views are developed in a very powerfully conceived and well written story. In this, Lorina Carlyon, fired by the idea of becoming a reformer and of improving the status of women of the harem, whose condition she had been told was soul-destroying, married Mir Yakoob Ali Khan, an Oxford Indian student who had made the acquaintance of St. George Carlyon, Lorina's brother, and came to stay with him. The story of how Lorina fails in her mission; her interesting and exciting experiences in the harem as an Indian prince's bride, but with the marriage unconsummated because of Indian customs which had not yet been observed, is a fascinating one, throwing much light on the attitude of native women to foreigners generally. The psychology of the novel is especially good, and by means of it the reader gains an insight of the kind of life led by Indian women of twenty years or so ago, but now, in a measure, becoming a thing of the past.

Mrs. Penny, in speaking of present conditions in India, laid especial stress upon the Eurasian question. There is a far larger Eurasian population than is generally realised by people at home. These children of European fathers and Hindu mothers are nowadays desirous of being recognised as Anglo-Indians. The present unrest is indicative of a testing time which will, Mrs. Penny thinks, soon arrive, when the Eurasians and other people of mixed blood will be put to it to vindicate their superior claims and hold their own against the natives. The Eurasians have never been popular with the latter; they have, indeed, been almost more despised by natives than by the Europeans themselves. "They have many difficulties to contend with and as time goes on," said Mrs. Penny, "the English in India will be less able to help them."

In 1908 Mrs. Penny published an interesting though slight volume of reminiscences under the title of "The Coromandel Coast." In it are gathered together many interesting facts and personal experiences relating to those Indian days, the subjects of which range from fisherfolk to ghosts, from devils to famine. In the foreword there is an interesting passage from Mark Twain, who writes: "One thing is sure; they (the natives of India) are much the most interesting people in the world—and the nearest to being incomprehensible. . . . Their character and their history, their customs and their religion confront you with riddles at every turn . . . riddles which are a trifle more perplexing after they are explained than before."

I think that it may be fairly claimed for Mrs. Penny that, for the average English reader, who does not care to devote time to the study of abstruse works upon Indo-religion, history and sociology, she has elucidated much, and done not a little to bring to our ken the glamour, mystery and complexity of the India of the immediate past.

In her two recent books we have two distinct phases of her work. In "Desire and Delight" she tells a charming modern love story of Mary Edenhope and the husband from whom she was estranged. In "Diamonds" we have an historical novel of considerable merit, dealing with the early days of "John Company," and alive with the exciting adventures that belonged to that period, with some diamond smuggling of an ingenious character woven into the story.

Speaking of her Indian days, Mrs. Penny told us that her chief amusement, as she did not go in for sport, was exploring the bazars, and wandering about the streets of Trichinopoly and Madras. As she was supposed to possess a lucky hand, and had a son and a husband alive, which is considered by natives a great blessing, she was generally a welcome visitor to native houses. "So long," added Mrs. Penny, "as I kept out of the kitchen. If I had entered there the food would have had to be thrown away, as I should have defiled it."

Nowadays, though Mrs. Penny is busy as ever with literary work in her home at Ealing, where she lives with her husband and her daughter, who is a talented miniature painter, and has done the cover-designs of several of her mother's novels, she still finds time for other interests. A charming garden, which in the summer is a veritable blaze of colour and full of fragrance, claims its share in her spare time. No Indian garden ever showed a more gorgeous riot of colour, while a huge and almost "immemorial" elm diapers the green lawn with shadows in sunlight. The local Girl Guides organisation owes a good deal to Mrs. Penny's sympathy, help and enthusiasm: especially was this so in the early days when the movement, locally, was in its infancy. But with many other interests, and between occasional visits to old friends, and taking part in debates at the Women Writers' Club, Mrs. Penny is busily engaged on a couple of new novels, which she expects to have finished in time for publication this year.

XUM

New Books.

THE DRUDGE AND THE DREAM.*

The new Cinderella (like Peter Pan) is a nestling of "The Little White Bird." The egg is called Irene. Every reader of that delightful fantasy will remember David's brave and implacable little nurse, with her strong views of the behaviour of young ladies and gentlemen and her passionate belief in the kitchen-drudge who became a princess. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is just Irene's romance filled out and developed. It was exquisite on the stage, and it is just as exquisite to read, with its humorous, tender accompaniment of comment and description. If you were lucky enough to see Hilda Trevelyan as the little drudge (alias "Celeste et Cie., the Penny Friend") and Gerald du Maurier as the peculiar blend of stolidity and romance known to fact as a Policeman, you will enjoy it doubly. You will also enjoy, though a little sadly, the echoes of the war that is not yet over—the comradeship between the wounded Tommy and the titled probationer, and the prophecies of a new fraternity of the social classes. Well, has anybody noticed this new fraternity lately? Such a play as this, with all its frail and gossamer texture, is a vastly better sermon than any the churches have produced. Barrie's touch is "infallyable." His play is part fairy tale, part fantasy and part pantomime; but the text of all is the simple, unconscious courage of the poor. I wish the churches had been brave enough to read it to their comfortable congregations as a Christmas sermon, or message for the New Year.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THREE ART BOOKS.†

The debt of genealogists, and searchers after family portraits, to Mrs. Nevill Jackson is already considerable; and now this gifted lady increases the national indebtedness by placing within reach of thousands of English and American families the chance of recovering the portraits of their ancestors and kin of the last century. This rare treasure dropped into her hands through good fortune. It happened in this wise: The great age of the eighteenth century "profilists"—the exquisite makers of the famous "black shadows" or "shadow portrait miniatures"—had departed; by the eighteen-twenties the black profile had fallen on evil times—decay had set in, first the modelling of detail on the black shadow to debauch its whole significance, then the setting of it upon a painted or printed background—when there came to England the dapper little French refugee, August Edouart. This man, plagued by a mad conceit and a touchy snobbery that were a very disease, and at the end of his resources, had to turn to some means of earning a livelihood, at that time considered a very vulgar thing to do. In 1825, at thirty-six, he discovered that his deft fingers had given him an astoundingly nervous skill in cutting out of a piece of black paper with scissors, in three or four swift minutes, a remarkable full-length portrait in miniature of any man, woman, child or animal. Fearful of being cut by Society, he rechristened the shadow-portrait miniature the "silhouette"—by such grim irony was it that the name of Louis XVth's economical Finance Minister, Etienne de Silhouette, passing into the slang of the streets of Paris for anything cheap, was to come to so exquisite an immortality!—and so, having discovered the word wherewith to dignify his calling, Edouart set up as artist with a big A. The whole world flocked to his "gallery," the high and the less high, wheresoever he went—London, Bath, Edinburgh, Oxford, Cambridge, Wales, Ireland, America—for in 1839, at fifty, famous, he made for America and there too everybody who was anybody came to his studio. Fiercely attacking the debased state into which the "profilists" had allowed their art to drift, he was to purify it and bring it back to life. He landed in America in the very year one Daguerre was registering his appliances for taking "apothecary's pictures" in Paris. A man of orderly mind, and setting his art very high, Edouart made a habit of doubling his black paper and cutting every portrait he made in duplicate; this duplicate he set in a "Reference Folio," recording upon it every detail he could gather about his sitter, whereby he left us most valuable details of family history. By 1835, at forty-six, he had made 50,000 family portraits; it is calculated that by 1849 he had made over 100,000 portraits here and in America. There was now to fall upon the self-plagued man at sixty the tragedy of his life, a tragedy that at least proved his passionate devotion to his art. He had packed in great cases the whole of his huge folios of British portraits to take with him to America in 1839 as his witness to his high achievement; he had now in 1849 added the whole record of his American achievement. Returning to Europe with his treasure after his ten years of triumph in America in 1849, the sailing ship *Oneida* was wrecked in Vazon Bay, off the coast of Guernsey, near Christmas Eve, and but fourteen of the priceless folios of his long life's work could be saved from the sea before the doomed ship broke up on the rocks—an irreparable loss not only to Edouart but to the world, as this handsome volume makes only too clear. It broke the distracted man; his art was at an end. He gave the rescued "Reference Folios" to the Lukis family of Guernsey, who had befriended him in his day of trial, and returned to France to die in 1861. From this family of Lukis they passed lately with poetic justice to our authoress who, with Captain Desmond Coke, has done a national service by bringing back the silhouette into its fitting rank in the high achievement of the arts. No museum or

Miss Hanway.
From "Daniel Gardner" (John Lane).

* "A Kiss for Cinderella." A Comedy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Ancestors in Silhouette, cut by August Edouart." By Mrs. F. F. Nevill Jackson. £3 3s. net. (John Lane.)—"Daniel Gardner." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. £5 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Vision and Design." By Roger Fry. 25s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

August Edouart cutting the Silhouette of Liston, the Actor.

From "Ancestors in Silhouette" (John Lane).

library throughout the land can afford to be without this handsome volume, if only from its priceless genealogical value.

Doctor Williamson is a very sleuth-hound in hunting down the careers and masterpieces of men of genius in painting, who might otherwise sink into oblivion or, worse still, pass into the ranks of "artists unknown"—that exasperating legion of brilliant men whose high achievement is filched to swell the credit of the already great. His services to the history of British painting are already remarkable; but in bringing back Daniel Gardner into his own he has fulfilled a masterly feat of endurance and resolution which, had it been but his sole contribution to the history of painting, would have placed him in a foremost position in this field of research. Once he takes hold, he never lets go. By consequence we have here a superb gallery of British celebrities and people of fashion who strutted their picturesque part in the great days of George the Third, hitherto all unrecorded—an amazing treasure. The labour, which must have been prodigious, is serenely hidden within a readable and pleasant book free of all hint of weariness. He will be rewarded by the necessity of every library and museum and art lover to possess it—it must remain the foundation stone for all future research. Best of all, its illustrations are generous and its list of authentic works well recorded. The space at my disposal is all too short to pay anything like fitting tribute to this invaluable volume. Dr. Williamson has fulfilled his self-imposed task with consummate skill. The publisher also compels words of praise.

That Mr. Roger Fry should have selected Art as his "honours" subject in life was perhaps inevitable in his day—Art was upon the town. But that so pleasant a personality and so charming a speaker, the moment he takes pen in hand, should write in a jargon as baffling as the Government-English in an Income-Tax return, is amazing when his whole object is to elucidate that subtle activity of man which is Art. Still, it is in the great tradition. Perhaps it conceals from the vulgar herd. Frankly, it is but tedious Volapük to me. Art criticism has always been a failure because the critic has never first dug down to the basic significance of art and discovered its supreme necessity to man; and without that relation all judgment is invalid—empty windiness, however Oxford the accent. Here is an accomplished and cultured man of vast erudition, of tireless reading and travelling, who has never discovered the basic significance of art. He has lived always in the rarefied and exclusive atmosphere of that intellectual snobbery which is called æsthetics. He has all its utter contempt for the people—"the crowd." He pities them. He does not realise that it is he who may be the subject for pity, not the world. The people feel real vital art far more keenly than he. This book is a proof of it. Here Mr. Roger Fry gives his faith to the world—the carefully edited selection of his twenty years of writing upon art—the volume, I fancy, goes back further than that, and it gives scant idea of the many shrines on which he has turned his back; but let us discreetly take him as he desires to be judged by posterity. Mr. Fry opens by reminding us that Plato knew nothing about art; but no philosopher nor critic ever understood the basic significance of art—indeed, philosophy, which is an act of reason, has no relation to art, which is the means whereby man gains experience of life through the communion to him by his fellows of their sensations. Art is only that, but it is all that; it is thereby the supreme significance to man next to life itself, for only by and through art can man transfer to his fellow men the emotions he has felt—and for one thing we have ourselves experienced at first hand, we have experienced millions at second hand through this power to commune with our fellows. Without art, man is as one blind, in a narrow prison. It has nothing to do with being "appreciated by the mass of his educated contemporaries." Every man is an artist in his degree, and is moved by art in his degree. Tolstoy came near to discovering the basic significance of art, but proceeded to cancel and blot it out by applying to art a religious test. Even this was lost on Mr. Fry, who denies to your ordinary man the power to receive the exquisite perceptions or emotions of life and arrogates this power to a priggish clique. When art, debauched by German kultur which has put a bastard scientific aim upon it, came dribbling through Italian Futurism and French Post-Impressionism and Cubism and What Not and Blast from Elsewhere, it was Mr. Roger Fry who bowed it into England. Indeed, so deeply is he imbued with the fatuity that art is not for the people that he rushes at any painting that baffles him and hugs it to his bosom, since he feels sure that what baffles him must baffle the vulgar herd. What could be more significant than the majority of the second-rate works of art which he has selected wherewith to embellish this his Gospel of Art? He always reminds me of a very erudite man who, when fish was brought to table, begged his hostess that the skin might be sent to the kitchen to be toasted for him; who scorned a cheese that did not crawl to meet him; and would only eat his quail if it were what the daughter of the house wittily described as "sunburnt."

HALDANE MACFALL.

XUM

COLLECTED PROSE OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER.*

Flecker's literary executors have been well advised to reissue in one handy volume all the prose that the author reprinted, or would probably have reprinted, except his novel, "The King of Alsander." Flecker's prose writings, few as they are, have considerable intrinsic value and interest. They also help lovers of the poet to understand the man, his attitude towards life, towards the arts in general, and especially towards the art of poetry. The volume contains Flecker's early and fantastic story of the future, called "The Last Generation," the charming "Dialogue on Education" which he published in 1910 under the title of "The Grecians," a few articles and sketches contributed to periodicals, and, last and most important, about half a dozen critical studies, all of which are most intimately self-revealing.

Flecker's criticism, no less than his dialogue, "The Grecians," will make only too clear, to some of his readers, the gulf which separates his day from our own. It will remind many people of a "Humanity" which now seems to have gone from us, and of a generosity of mind which seems only too completely to have disappeared with it. For Flecker cared for the things of the intellect and for the Arts, not for anything that he might get out of them in money, fame or social success, but for their own sakes. He either wrote with gusto, with immense enthusiasm and delight, or not at all. He was incapable of becoming a "literary journalist," as is the fashion even among the most distinguished poets of the present time. As a journalist he remained an amateur; and I do not believe he ever could have acquired the faculty of turning out copy to suit an editor's "requirements." But when he had something to say in prose about matters which aroused in him an enthusiasm of admiration or anger, he stated his views with a happy emphasis, with precision and with a beautiful clarity.

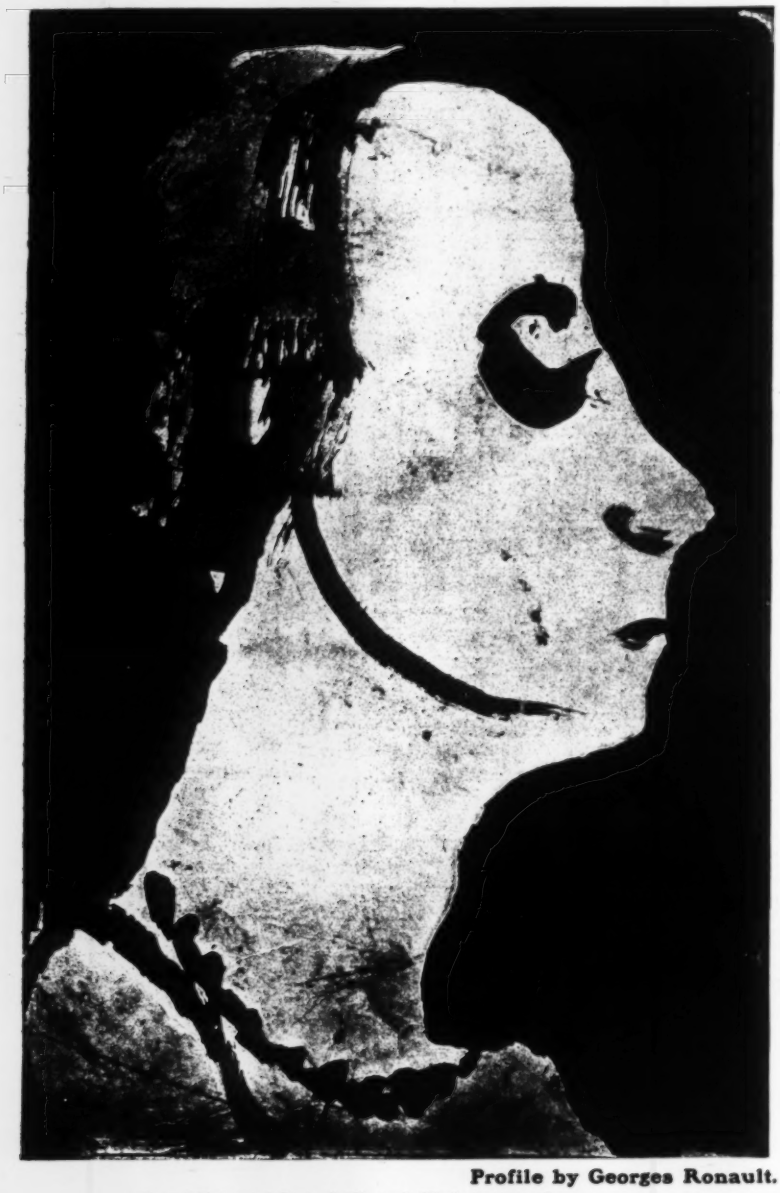
The most valuable of his critical studies are those headed "Two Critics of Poetry" and "The Public as Art Critic"; though his essays on John Davidson and on the New Poetry and Mr. Housman's "Shropshire Lad" are also full of interest for the light they throw on Flecker himself, as well as on the work of the poets he discusses. In "The Public as Art Critic" he defines the qualities which the true critic must possess, in a passage which deserves attention at the present time:

"Criticism," he writes, "is almost as difficult as creation, and there is no royal road to the comprehension of the beautiful. . . . He (the good critic) will know that art is divided, not into decadent and healthy, classic and romantic, but into the two mighty divisions of Good and Bad, and that these divisions alone hold true. One great dogma alone he must hold—that human life is passionately interesting in all its phases, that over the filthiest byways the sky of night must stretch its flowery mantle of stars. The critic must be of purer mould than the poet himself. He must have a profound love for man, not the vague enthusiasm of the humanitarian, but a vivid delight in all the men in the world, men sinful, men splendid, men coarse, or cowardly, or pathetic. And in all the phenomena of nature, sordid or shining, the background to our tragedy, he must admire, if not the beauty, then the force, the law, the cruelty and the power. And with this enthusiasm in his soul he will bitterly condemn dullness, weakness, bad workmanship, vulgar thought, shoddy sentiment as being slanders on mankind; and in this sense and this sense only—that it is the glory of man—great art is moral."

In another passage—from "Two Critics of Poetry"—he sends, unconsciously, a message to the age into which he was not destined to live, which has a still deeper significance. In direct opposition to the theory which dominates our criticism to-day, Flecker actually deplores

"the absence of political interest in modern poetry. The dearth of proud and eagle-winged forces in this modern age," he says, "is a calamity for art. Whether these century-old poets preached an idea, as Shelley, Byron and Wordsworth, ran counter to it, as Crabbe, or neglected it, as Keats, they had the inestimable advantage of living in a society rent by the enthusiasms and hatreds of the French Revolution. In those good days Shelley was not an ineffectual angel whose pretty lyrics might be read by simpering girls, but a most effectual Devil, like a socialist of to-day, attacking the very foundations of society. Only during the last year has there arisen in England a political crisis worthy of the pen; and in this revived bitterness of strife lies at least some hope for the future of English poetry."

* "Collected Prose of James Elroy Flecker." 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)



Profile by Georges Ronault.

From "Vision and Design" (Chatto & Windus), reviewed on page 195.

The essay from which these lines are taken is not dated, so that it is difficult to state what precisely was the political crisis to which Flecker referred. But the fact that he should have considered any kind of "politics" worthy of a poet's pen must come as a shock to our critical reactionaries, who now preach with such fervour the gospel of Decadence.

When the war broke out, Flecker at once saw in it an occasion to which, as a poet, he must rise. His spirit became fired with the unselfish, semi-religious enthusiasms which, at least in its early days, the struggle aroused in the youth of Europe. He wrote several poems on the war, penned a Coronation Ode to King Constantine of Greece, and, had he lived, would have plunged into political controversies and indulged heartily in (to quote his own words), "abuse and invective of pro-Turks, pro-Bulgars, the Liberal Press." If Flecker were alive to-day it is quite certain that the battle of ideas raging throughout the world would not have left him indifferent or unmoved. On one side or another the generosity of his nature would have forced him to take part in the conflict. Perhaps he might have tried to do for the British Government of 1920 what Shelley and Byron between them did for the government of Castlereagh, just a century ago. He might have become a Sinn Feiner, or an Anti-Venizelist, or a Hungarian Monarchist. He might "superbly" have denounced Bolshevism—or have hailed it as some of his great predecessors hailed the French Revolution. It is impossible to guess how Flecker would have reacted to the political events of our time. Of one thing only can we be sure, and that is, that he would have been incapable of the meanness of spirit shown by those who—because they are "artists"—think it justifiable to ignore them. In everything he did and said Flecker made it clear that, in his view, in order to be an artist it was not necessary either to resign citizenship or to surrender the rights and duties of a man.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

THE HUMAN BIBLE.*

Mr. Eric Robertson, in this his latest volume, claims to have written a plain book about the growth of the Bible according to modern knowledge; we shall see that he has accomplished this and indeed something more. There is a sense in which he may almost be said to have given us that of which he speaks in one place—"the apocalypse of a real people's genius." His work is called alternatively an account of the Jewish soul, while in the sub-title it is described as "a study of the Divine," and such it is when that loose and dubious word is understood as the purpose of God working through the higher aims, hopes and aspirations of man. In a previous study—"The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons"—Mr. Robertson examined the legends of Genesis and, as we are told here in the preface, his theme is now taken up at the traditional making of the Law. The undertaking falls into two divisions, being the quest of Jewry after the Kingdom of God and the quest followed in Christ after that same Kingdom. The standpoint is that the Old Testament record of Israel is the best history in which to study the conduct of a nation in the following of such a research. The Gospels are a preaching of the Kingdom, an embodiment of the utterances of Jewish historians, psalmists, prophets, carried to a conclusion of spiritual logic. The proposal is to follow up "the experimental Kingdom" as conceived and worked for by the great leaders of old and thereafter in the teaching of Jesus. The result is a living picture, a processional story of leading, onward from Moses, through judges, kings and prophets, "the evolution of a historic people" towards power through suffering. If it can be said without exaggeration, there is not only nothing in exegetical literature which is quite like this "Human Bible," but, clothed in their new vesture, the old annals carry a new appeal, assuming another life and a fresh meaning. The truth is that Mr. Robertson tells the stories mainly in a series of powerful character-studies—witness his lives of Saul, David and Solomon, his accounts of kings "moving in the shadows of prophets," of prophets as king-makers, of prophets in the light of their own vocation, crusading for principles of righteousness, of Amos conceiving man as "mirror of the Almighty Spirit," of the "immeasurable monotheism" of Isaiah. It is right to call a book of this kind the "Human Bible," for it is a man of insight's study at first-hand of men and things in Scripture. It is also a book of many notable, shrewd and pregnant sayings, while beyond the faculty which produces lights like these there is another, also notable, bringing point after point forward, each of which seems obvious, and yet they will have occurred previously to few of us in the way that they are put.

I have spoken of Mr. Robertson's subject-general as the Bible's growth according to modern knowledge. For him, as in his opinion for general belief, its unique and plenary inspiration is abandoned. God has spoken to the world through many good men and in many good books, meaning however that these are registers of human consciousness in respect of Divine things, or, as it is expressed literally, "birthright yearnings of the soul of man." Somehow—but how I know scarcely—they are God's progressive revelation of truth; but it is to be understood that all tales of the Old Testament "were written hundreds of years after the events they purport to describe." The chronology of its making is broadly between 850 and 165 B.C. That of the New Testament—which is the picture of a great personality in a frame of miracles—lies between A.D. 52 and 160. It will be seen that Mr. Robertson stands for the moderate side of so-called higher criticism. He stands also against miracles. These matters are mentioned to clear up the point of view; they are no more of my concern otherwise than the alleged democracy of Jesus. As the Bible-message does not lie for myself within the measures of an orthodox rule of faith or a gospel of material betterment, so it is, I hope, unaffected by either side of the findings of textual scholarship on dates and authorship. On the question of miracles Mr. Robertson and I are perhaps nearer to one another than we should prove in most things else. Perhaps it is not very near. I observe that in one place he mentions the "subliminal self," which notwithstanding, it looks that psychical research is for him an unopened book. Were it otherwise he might have written his account of the Transfiguration from a different point of view. In the light of that research there is no difficulty in regarding this particular event of the Life in Palestine as a memorable psychic vision. So also, from an analogous point of view, there is no difficulty about the resurrection. I am neither psychist nor spiritualist, but with the correspondences of these things the world is filled, as Saint-Martin said long ago. I doubt not that the disciples saw their Master radiant in the spiritual aura of His unique personality on the Mount of Transfiguration and that they saw Him also after the death on Mount Calvary: they saw and did not understand. But the question is not vital. In either case I can say with St. Paul: "if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain." In their true understanding the Gospel miracles are mighty symbols, from the changing of water into wine to the end which crowned the work on the Mount of Ascension. Those who reject them as fables and those who subject them to a process of fatal explanation, like that of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," seem to me far from the term. But Mr. Robertson feels that they are symbols, though as one perhaps who puts out questing arms in the darkness.

I am quite sure that Jesus of Nazareth was a seer in the highest sense of seership; that He saw what is not seen by material eyes; that He heard things which may be uttered everywhere about us, but they do not sound within the ears of the body; that He was in touch with another world which does not communicate to man through physical senses; and that the visions, the auditions, the tactions, belong to what Böhme calls the "supersensual life." It is miraculous like the life of Nature and natural as the world of real miracle. Communion

* "The Human Bible." By Eric Robertson, M.A. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

with this world is a result of the heart opening to God and of God overflowing the heart. It is substantially unknown to us, with our partial dedications at their best, our half-hearted devotions, our desire to make the best of both worlds, but especially of this one. The mind of Jesus is an illustration of that exotic but supremely possible state, about which it is said that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love Him." The reservation does not connote only a future life of beatific vision; it is a state which Christ entered, like one who opens a door in the here and now, like one who shows us a way. In such showing He is for us the way, the truth and the life, until there comes, in fine, that much deeper state, of which Eckhart and Ruysbroeck knew, when Christ yields up the Kingdom to the Father, and God is all in all. This does not mean the passing of the Cosmos, as if withdrawn by Para-Brahma; it comes about as and when the uttermost end is attained in every soul—the end of the Christ-way, of the Christ-life and of the truth of real experience in Him. The words are: "that you also may be one in Him."

Mr. Robertson says that the only way God has ever spoken to humanity is through souls. It was to souls that Christ spoke; it is to souls that His life speaks. In fine, there is the Christ-life in the soul, and it reproduces stage by stage the story of Palestine, from the traditional birth in Bethlehem to that moment when in the presence of His elect, the Master was taken up into Heaven. It is a story of inward experience told in symbols, from which point of view it is a picture of living miracles in a frame of personality. As I understand it, this is the higher criticism. In conclusion, however, as to "The Human Bible," Mr. Robertson's book marks a certain epoch; it has been done with the might of his sincerity by a lover of the truth as he sees it, and it has raised "modern knowledge" on the growth of the Bible into literature.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ART OF LETTERS.*

I doubt the utility of reprinting reviews, because it is a kind of mixing of materials which is rather more dangerous than a mixing of metaphors. A book is something in itself, not a convenient cellarage for liquors made up to be drunk at once. In the last paper in this volume, Mr. Lynd gives us his ideas about book reviewing and excellent sense they are, though inclined, rather irrelevantly, to be patronising and in some portions to create an imaginary situation and then demolish it. He detests those reviewers, that is to say, who denounce the popular, factory-made stuff, suggesting with justice that this is to expect figs of thistles. But where is Mr. Lynd's Apollyon? Personally I cannot think of a single writer on modern books who wastes his time thus beating the air. If he does exist, he is an undergraduatish Apollyon, who in his Tweedledum armour is poorly equipped to guard against Mr. Lynd's verbal fencing and, one would have thought, poor sport. Otherwise Mr. Lynd's notion of the reviewer's office is sound enough. It is, says Mr. Lynd, to give not an opinion but a portrait of the book in question. The reviewer who states his opinion about a book is stating his opinionatedness to the reader of the review. Theorising, generalising, sermonising, any departure from the simple rules of portrait-painting are a vicious heresy, an "unreasonable intolerance," a "detestable habit." I confess I am puzzled by Mr. Lynd's heat in the matter and it is unlike him to lose his equability in this way, if it is not in some degree a contradiction of his own theory. If we assume, as we must, that Mr. Lynd is not confusing a reviewer with a critic, we must cordially agree with almost everything he says. The difference between the two is obvious—the one sees a separate phenomenon in every book, the other sees every book as part of the phenomena of books and of life. One need not develop the antithesis, because that might imply a censure of the reviewer. But he fits his temporary office, just as the critic fits his more permanent one.

Now many of these studies of Mr. Lynd's are not criticisms but reviews, nor are they intended to be anything else. The question is whether they are properly adapted to the measure of a book. I take as an extreme instance Mr. Lynd's remarks about Mr. Davies—"Mr. W. H. Davies is by now a veteran among the Georgians, and one cannot easily imagine a presence more welcome in a book of verse. Among poets he is a bird singing in a hedge. He communicates the same sense of freshness while he sings. He has also the quick eye of a bird. He is, for all his fairy music, on the look-out for things that will gratify his appetite. He looks to the earth rather than the sky, though he is by no means deaf to the lark that 'raves in his windy height above a cloud.' At the same time, at his best, he says nothing about his appetite, and sings in the free spirit of a child at play." And so on. No one can seriously contend that having read this in a newspaper or magazine, he requires it in a book. Or take the paper on William Morris. It is a review of Mr. Compton-Rickett's "William Morris: A Study in Personality." Mr. Compton-Rickett's book (as Mr. Lynd sees perfectly well) is not in the same street with Mr. Mackail's, but all the same to get at Morris, Mr. Lynd has to wade through Mr. Compton-Rickett. The consequence is that we can hardly see one for the other and thanks to this intermediary method of interpretation, Mr. Lynd has not a single word to say about the most important and interesting idea Morris taught the world—the interrelationship between use and beauty. Again and again we are conscious of getting at the master at third-hand and piecemeal, of occasionalism, if I may be permitted to coin a word, and our patience is rather taxed. Mr. Lynd is not a thinker or a philosopher, but in a book written by him, we want to hear what he has to say about the great man and then to test whether we think it true or false, not to hear what he has to say about somebody else's remarks about the great man. Mr. Lynd's studies are not all of this oblique method of approach, but he should, I think, have revised those that are.

The same applies to Mr. Lynd's method of expression. In some remarks about stylelessness he writes: "It is like the rushing to and fro of motor-buses which save minutes but waste our peace. It is like the swift making of furniture with unseasoned wood. It is a kind of introduction of the quick-lunch system into literature." That is so. A quick lunch is a pleasant thing, but a succession of quick lunches is apt to lose its savour. Mr. Lynd's preference for the short, epigrammatic sentence in expression gives brightness and sparkle to a review; in a book it reads like a self-conscious smartness which becomes monotonous. Nothing is so wearisome as a perpetual glitter and it makes the machinery of workmanship far too obvious. I do not suggest that Mr. Lynd deliberately writes for effect but that it often looks like it. In one place he says of Coleridge at his worst that his work is little but the "dull flappings and slitherings of a penguin." That gives a false impression of Coleridge, because a penguin only flaps and slithers when it is out of its truer element, whereas Coleridge floundered by losing himself too much in his philosophic element. It is a commonplace thing to say of Shelley that he was "drunken with doctrine" and Mr. Lynd falls into such superficiality because of his dangerous *flair* for phrase-making.

It would be an unjust portrait of Mr. Lynd's book, if I omitted to praise its readableness. Insight, depth of thought, breadth of view and imaginative power it lacks but he has a highly agreeable way of introducing you to an author by apt quotation and comment. He is an easy, brisk, conversational writer and he can run on about his subject with dexterity and address. He is far more at home for instance when he is talking about Horace Walpole (his study of him is a long way the best in the book) than he is with the great poets or thinkers, and he does a much

* "The Art of Letters." By Robert Lynd. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

XUM

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH OR SPANISH

GREAT SUCCESS OF NEW PELMAN METHOD

The new Pelman method of teaching Foreign Languages by Correspondence in about one-third the usual time has met with immediate success.

Those who have enrolled either for the French Course or for the Spanish Course (courses in other languages are being prepared) are enthusiastic in their praise.

It is already clear that the Pelman method is effecting a revolution in the teaching of Foreign Languages.

Although the Pelman Language Courses are written entirely in French and Spanish respectively and do not contain a word of English, yet anyone, even without previously knowing a single word of the Foreign Language in question, can follow them with perfect ease.

It sounds almost incredible, yet it is perfectly true.

NO TRANSLATION

The great advantage of this is, of course, that all *translation* is avoided. There are no passages of French or Spanish to be translated into English and no passages of English to be translated into French or Spanish. You learn French in French and Spanish in Spanish, so that, when you have completed one of these Courses, you will not only be able to read French (or Spanish) books and newspapers, but you will be able to write and speak French (or Spanish) accurately, grammatically and fluently, and without that hesitation which comes when a Foreign Language is acquired, as it too often is, by some method involving translation.

Further, the Pelman Language Courses enable you to learn French or Spanish without burdening your memory with the task of learning by heart long strings of French or Spanish words.

You learn these words, it is true—the Courses would be useless if you didn't—but you learn them as you go along and as you want them. In fact, you learn them as you would do if you were living in France or Spain—you learn them by using them, and you learn them in such a way that you never forget them.

The following are a few extracts from letters received from students of this method :—

On a Paris Visit

"We were only in Paris eight clear days, and I found my pleasure greatly augmented by being able to speak and understand almost everything. I am quite convinced that the Pelman method is the only way to learn a Foreign Language."—(*P.* 101.)

"Delightfully Easy"

"I find your method of teaching makes the reading of the French language delightfully easy. Your method is certainly of real worth and fulfils a long-felt want in the learning of French."—(*W.* 108.)

"Grammar Particularly Interesting"

"In handing you the last exercises of the French Course, I would like to thank all concerned for the splendid way I have been conducted through it.

"Never in my life have I enjoyed anything so much as this study, and I think the Institute is to be very heartily congratulated on having introduced the undoubtedly correct method of teaching Foreign Languages.

"All three parts had a certain charm, and I consider it absolutely wonderful how easy you have made it to pick up French in an unforgettable manner. The Grammar, particularly interesting and easily learnt, is a masterpiece."—(*M.* 110.)

The following two extracts refer to the new Pelman Spanish Course :—

"Easy to Follow"

"I am delighted with the Spanish Course and find it extremely interesting and easy to follow."—(*S.T.* 104.)

Thinking in Spanish

"I received the first two textbooks on Spanish, and I consider the method as remarkable as it is simple. From the beginning one can entirely think in Spanish and understand, and this is the only practical way to master a Foreign Language—at least in my opinion."—(*S.S.* 104.)

The Pelman method enables you to learn French or Spanish naturally, simply, and easily, and in about one-third the usual time. It is fully described in a little book issued by the Modern Languages Department of the Institute. Write to-day for a free copy of this booklet (mentioning the language—French or Spanish—in which you are interested) to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Dept.), 88, Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C.1.

PRIME MINISTER'S APPEAL

OPPORTUNITIES IN 1921 FOR MEN AND WOMEN WITH TRAINED MINDS

"THE whole energy of business men, of workmen and of statesmen is needed to replenish the impoverished purse of mankind."

In these words the Prime Minister appeals to the community to show in the work of Construction and Reconstruction that lies before us the same "resource and courage which brought us triumphant through the most critical period of our history."

Readers can best respond to this appeal by bringing their own mental powers to the highest possible level of trained efficiency and by developing those qualities which will enable them to take full advantage of the many opportunities of advancement the present year holds for men and women with trained minds.

This is what many thousands of people have already decided to do, as the letters received by the Pelman Institute show.

A Subaltern writes:

"I was dining last night with my Lieut.-Colonel, and he attributes his rapid promotion from Captain to Lieut.-Colonel in three years entirely to Pelmanism, and strongly advised me to take it up."

A Doctor writes:

"I have more energy, can acquire fresh knowledge more readily and pleasantly, and can recall and use previously-acquired knowledge more easily and more extensively."

An Engineer writes:

"I have been successful in obtaining a most advantageous position, and I attribute my success very largely to the initiative developed by the Pelman Course."

And, if space permitted, hundreds of letters could be quoted from men and women who have secured higher positions, increased their earning powers and greatly developed their all-round efficiency by means of Pelmanism.

Miss Lillah McCarthy's Opinion.

Yet Pelmanism is quite simple and easy to practise. The exercises are well within the powers of every reader. The Course does not involve a dull, heavy "grind," on the contrary it provides a most enjoyable recreation for the winter evenings.

"Pelmanism," says Miss Lillah McCarthy, "is now my Sunday recreation. I take a dose of this new mental tonic, and at once experience a sense of rest and content. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best. That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be.

"And," she adds, "Pelmanism is a most absorbing game. Pelmanism re-creates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration."

Even the busiest man or woman can spare a few minutes daily for Pelmanism, especially when minutes so spent bring in rich and permanent rewards.

If, therefore, you wish :—

To strengthen your will-power,
To develop your powers of concentration,
To develop initiative,
To act with judgment, foresight and decision,
To become a first-class organiser and manager,
To get rid of "after-war apathy,"
To develop the power of originating valuable ideas,
To acquire a strong personality,
To banish diffidence and nervousness,
To acquire self-confidence,
To talk and speak convincingly,
To work more easily and more efficiently,
To brace and strengthen your mind,
To cultivate a reliable memory,
To widen your intellectual outlook,

In short, to make the fullest use of the powers now lying perhaps latent or only semi-developed in your mind, you will do well to send to-day for particulars of the New Pelman Course.

On writing to-day to the address given below, you will receive by return, gratis and post free,

FREE TO-DAY

(1) A copy of MIND & MEMORY, which contains a full description of the New Pelman Course, what it is and what it does.
(2) A copy of the Special Report issued by *Truth* on the work of the Pelman Institute.
(3) Information enabling you to enrol for the Course on reduced terms.

This is an opportunity not to be missed by any reader who wishes "to do better" in 1921, and to improve his or her income or position in life.

Write to-day (a post card will do) to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and by return you will receive full information about the system that has done so much for others and the benefits of which are now obtainable by you.

needed service in rehabilitating that slandered shade. It is perhaps true that Mr. Lynd writes too much, but that is a judgment, if judgment it be, that should apply to a ponderous rather than a graceful writer.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

A STORM IN THE THEATRE.*

Miss Storm Jameson has written an arresting and stimulating volume. You will enjoy it, even though you don't agree with it, and your interest in the theatre will probably take fire afresh from its doctrines. The author, as she admits, writes from a thesis. She states a case and defends it. The advantage of this to the reader is that he always knows where he is, because he always knows where the author is. There are few things more annoying to a careful reader than a volume of reprinted papers in which the critical standard and standpoint change from page to page, according to the general tone of the periodicals to which the essays were contributed. In the present volume there is no such variation. Miss Jameson demands from tragedy the pity and fear of strength defeated, and from comedy sanity and criticism of life. But she acknowledges the existence of secondary drama by the side of great drama, and gives thanks for "the fragile distinction of Oscar Wilde and the intellectual power of Mr. Shaw's finest work." Upon imitative mediocrity and the commercial product her hand is heavy.

Miss Jameson, it would seem, has been influenced mainly by the fierce, austere æsthetic of Nietzsche:

> "In his attack on the accepted values of morality (she tells us) Nietzsche reminded the world of a truth supremely important to the artist. There is one thing in life that a man loves more than life; that is, power, power to reach beyond self to the finer than self. From the recognition of this truth come all the great tragedies of the world. If it were not for the knowledge of this, and the exultation in it, how were we able to bear the death that ends the play?"

Miss Jameson enforces her point by a comparison of "Justice" and "Ghosts," the first unsatisfying because Falder is merely a feeble, pitiable animal; the second nearer to true tragedy because Alving could have lived finely and, at the end, lifted his hands to grasp the sun. If you want another example, turn away for a moment from the world of art. Is there not something vastly finer than success and ease and comfortable existence in the spectacle of Scott and Oates and their fellows dying proudly in the awful solitudes of the frozen South, reaching beyond life and self to the something beyond life and self? That is tragedy, the death that is greater than life, the death that transfigures itself as a mighty gesture, motioning mankind to the stars.

Miss Jameson proceeds from her general principle to a particular discussion of the modern dramatists, and chiefly of Strindberg and Ibsen, in whom alone she seems to find great original and underivative dramatic power. Her criticism, however, is fearless and unawed. Having found her great gospellers, she does not treat them as canonical and unquestionable, but applies her standard ruthlessly and exposes their weakness as faithfully as she exhibits their strength. From Scandinavia she passes to Germany and leaves twelve baskets of Sudermann for anyone who cares to gather them up. To Hauptmann she is much more respectful, and she acknowledges the power of Hofmannsthal's verse even when she cannot praise the plays.

In France, Brieux is minced even more minutely than Sudermann. He is "an advanced old maid who believes in the feminist movement, possesses a fund of platitudes, a passion for reform and a total incapacity to rise above the level of the platform orator." Well, this is at least some of the truth; and if you are inclined to speak up for his social sincerity, remember that his critic is looking for great drama and not merely for good intentions.

Upon the adventures of Ibsen in England Miss Jameson says mercifully little. I am old enough to have been young in the nineties, and I can remember the grotesque imbecility, the shrieking, hypocritical folly manifested, almost without exception, by the duly accredited and selected critics of dramatic art in this country when they encountered the plays of Ibsen. But even more contemptible than the outraged utterances of Clement Scott and his tribe were the alleged Ibsenite plays produced in imitation by our intelligent playwrights, who were convinced that the one necessary element in an Ibsen play was serious adultery, as contrasted with the frivolous adultery of the French. With these plays Miss Jameson deals faithfully and joyously.

Her survey is continued right down to our own days, and includes an account of the indigenous drama of Southern Europe, including Spain, where my ignorance does not permit me to follow her. As I said at the beginning, her book is provocative and stimulating. It is not all good—it is patchy, partial and excessive; but the margin of critical profit is undoubtedly large. We need more critics of this fearless temper, for the position of England can be stated simply thus: we possess the greatest dramatist in the world and the worst theatre in Europe.

G. S.

* "Modern Drama in Europe." By Storm Jameson. 10s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE SECRET.*

Mr. Laurence Binyon could not have found a happier title for his new book than "The Secret." For his Muse is essentially esoteric; it is concerned almost entirely with the hidden spirit of things. Beyond all outward beauty, and behind all ugliness and error, it penetrates to "the dear human cause in the heart's core." He offers, it is true, no new entrance into the temple's inner shrine for those who do not already know the way; he writes only for the initiated. His art is quiet and wistful, and its main quality is that it perfectly rekindles for us spiritual experiences that we ourselves have had. There is a poem in which he describes a schoolboy, isolated from his fellows through illness, gazing from a high window and beholding

> "... an immense glory
> Flooding with fire the drops
> Spilled from miraculous leaves
> Of the fresh green lime-tree tops.
>
> "Washed gravel glittered red
> To a wall, and beyond it nine
> Tall limes in the old inn yard
> Rose over the tall inn sign.
>
> "And voices arose from beneath
> Of boys from school set free,
> Racing and chasing each other
> With laughter and games and glee.
>
> "To the boy at the high room window,
> Gazing alone and apart,
> There came a wish without reason,
> A thought that shone through his heart.
>
> "'I'll choose this moment and keep it,'
> He said to himself, 'for a vow,
> To remember for ever and ever
> As if it were always now.'"

That poem has no showy qualities of any kind; nor does it open upon new worlds, or interpret anything. To those who as schoolboys swore no such vow it might make small appeal; but for those who did, with what fidelity of atmosphere and what tender sympathy it revives the emotion of that first burgeoning and dedication of the young soul!

* "The Secret: Sixty Poems." By Laurence Binyon. 9s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

XUM

And that poem is typical of Mr. Binyon's new volume. It is a book of spiritual refreshment and renewal. It carries us on no strange flights of imagination; it offers us no adventures; it propounds no philosophy. But, whether the poet muses in the cathedral porch, or describes the winter dawn stealing over the wharves on Thames-side, while the tide comes flooding up, he recalls for us things that we ourselves have seen and felt and prayed in those rare moments when we too have broken through the outer crust of life, and have come into communion with the Secret at its heart. He brings back for us

"... the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the field";

and for any book that does that, in these days of darkness and disillusionment, we cannot be too grateful.

GILBERT THOMAS.

BEERBOHM ONCE MORE.*

Now that the publisher is calling Mr. Beerbohm "the inimitable Max," it is time this peculiarly hackneyed expression was dropped, even by reviewers. We who pen what we call criticisms have found it a helpful phrase. To be able to describe Sylvester Snooks as the Sage of Cheapside affords pleasant relief to a sticky pen; and we —anyhow, I—found it pleasant to nickname Mr. Beerbohm in the manner aforesaid. But the practice has gone too far. A truce to this parroting; especially as he on whom the epithet has been fastened must be heartily sick of it. Besides, Mr. Beerbohm is imitable—if only by himself. His "Christmas Garland" has afforded evidence enough of that. And how else did Zulieka Dobson discover her conversational style? Is it not written in the chronicles of that amazing lady?

And so, after such somewhat episcopal preliminary we come to the delightful little book, Mr. Beerbohm's latest burblings, entitled "And Even Now." It is, however, rather less even of quality than were his earlier volumes; one or two of the essays fall tame and flat, but are fully compensated for by "No. 2, The Pines," by "William and Mary" and some others, holding those throbs of surprise from which laughter springs into the heart and out to the world again. The individual note expressed by Mr. Beerbohm is essential. His unforced sly humour, which subtly points the follies, extravagances, vanities of the times, is an asset too valuable to be wasted or ignored; while all he writes is so finished and endowed with grace of style that to miss a book by the—by him—would be as careless as was Oscar Wilde's orphan who had lost both his parents.

Some aspect of joy dwells on every page of "And Even Now," while here and there are pen-pictures which live in the mind through the sheer brilliancy of their expression and colouring; as the vision of Dr. Johnson laughing with great laughter beside a post in Fleet Street; or the ponderous super-man Goethe being discovered and shown a bore by the little painter Tischbein; or the humorous pathos of the unveiled statue to Umberto, a marble victim of local political quarrelling. But the study of Swinburne at home, and the delicate, wistful sketch, "William and Mary," are the plums of the festival. Even then, the particular joy of "No. 2, The Pines" comes in the note preliminary to it. Asked by Mr. Gosse to describe Swinburne as he had known him, Mr. Beerbohm found it hard to be brief without seeming irreverent:

> "So I took refuge in an ampler scope. I wrote a reminiscential essay. From that essay I made an extract, which I gave to Mr. Gosse. From that extract he made a quotation in his enchanting biography."

The subtlety is delicious.

* "And Even Now." By Max Beerbohm. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR A. QUILLER-COUCH
and JOHN DOVER WILSON

THE TEMPEST

the first volume, is now ready. In addition to the features common to all volumes in the series, *The Tempest* contains a *General Introduction to Shakespeare* by SIR A. QUILLER-COUCH, a *Textual Introduction* by MR DOVER WILSON, and two additional illustrations. It is published at 7s 6d net in cloth, and at 10s 6d net in leather.

Prospectus on application to the
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
C. F. CLAY, MANAGER: FETTER LANE, E.C.4

MACMILLAN'S LIST

The Works of William Ernest Henley

New Edition. In 5 volumes. Crown 8vo. **12s.** net each.

Vol. 1. POEMS. [*Ready.*

Vol. 2. ESSAYS.
CONTENTS: Fielding, Smollett, Hazlitt, Burns, Byron's World, "Pippin," Othello, "T.E.B.," Old England, Balzac, Hugo. [*February.*

JOHN KEATS

The Poetical Works. Edited by F. T. Palgrave. Pott 8vo. **3s. 6d.** net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

Edited by William T. Arnold. Crown 8vo. **6s.** net. [*Globe Library.*

John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics and After-Fame. By Sir Sidney Colvin. With Portraits and other Illustrations. *Second Edition.* 8vo. **18s.** net.

Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends. Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. *Third Impression.* Gl. 8vo. **6s.** net.

Keats. By Sir Sidney Colvin. Crown 8vo. Library Edition. **3s.** net. F'cap 8vo. Pocket Edition. **2s.** net. [*English Men of Letters.*

Keats and Shelley (Selections). Edited by S. C. Newsom. 16mo. **3s.** [*Pocket Classics.*

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

XUM

Vivid indeed is the picture of the little deaf poet at home; his flame of inspiration spent, but his joy of books not diminished, enduring and enjoying the smothering care of Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose protection of Swinburne, so overwhelming, considerate, particular, was in many respects beautiful. Mr. Beerbohm shows in this essay such a gift for humorously painting character that we wish he would write a full-length biography of somebody sufficiently human to have foibles and weaknesses, those essentials of true charm. That cap-and-bells is not Mr. Beerbohm's only wear; but that, under the badinage and persiflage and what not, beats a heart alive with sympathy and pity, is testified in "William and Mary." To re-read this study after the lapse of months is to find its beauty even rarer and more moving than before. It is a triumph of art, quietly finished, and the more effectual because the sensitive colours are touched with the exquisite dew of tears.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

Less and less space is being given in the daily papers to reasoned criticism of new books: and never was criticism more needed. Whether reviews in daily papers ever did much to forming or guiding the taste of the public is uncertain; but certainly, in the old days, they were of some assistance to the authors themselves by reminding them that they were engaged not in a mere private enterprise, but in adding to the great body of English literature which had been made glorious by their predecessors. So I am glad Mr. Leonard Parsons has thought of issuing this series of considered judgments on contemporary work. It should do something towards providing the body of a critical opinion by which modern writers may be judged. It is true that some sour-minded persons would deny that our younger authors, except a few poets and essayists, are worth criticism; but that contempt is generally harboured by those who are as ignorant as they are contemptuous. To these may be commended this little guide-book of Mr. Brimley Johnson's.

Mr. Johnson has chosen a hard task. He is, at the start, confronted by the problem whether there is such a thing as distinctively feminine art—whether, for instance, Miss Kaye-Smith is more womanly that Mr. Hugh Walpole, or Mr. Compton Mackenzie more masculine than Mrs. Mordaunt. Except incidentally, he does not touch this side of the question suggested by his title; and we may take it that he is dealing with the women separately merely as a matter of convenience. It is a pity, however, that he does not explain on what principles he has chosen the women he has to represent contemporary novelists. There are none here whom I would have omitted except Miss Fulton and, doubtfully, Miss Amber Reeves; but no survey of modern fiction writing by women can pretend to completeness (which to be fair, Mr. Johnson does not claim) which omits Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, Bridget Maclagan, Mrs. Dawson-Scott, Katherine Mansfield, Rebecca West and G. B. Stern. Without a consideration as to work done by these women Mr. Johnson's survey omits not only some of the best recent performances of women novelists, but also excludes any notice of the thoughts or influences which are conspicuous in the writings of many of the women he is criticising. The novelists he judges are May Sinclair, Elinor Mordaunt, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Ethel Sidgwick, Amber Reeves, Viola Meynell, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Stella Benson, E. M. Delafield, Clemence Dane, Mary Fulton and Hope Mirrlees. Anyone familiar with modern fiction will immediately be aware how different tendencies, how varied an outlook on modern life are found in these writers. There is little enough in common between Miss Macaulay's sanely passionate humour and Miss Meynell's solemn absorption; between Miss Mirrlees' scientific interest in the morbid and Miss Benson's gay defiance of all the blues and the biles. There is, that is to say, nothing noticeably in common between all these novelists. They do not all belong to the same age, to the same way of thinking, to the same conventions as did the Victorians, or even their predecessors. One thing is noticeable—among these fourteen novelists no less than six are marked by a sense of humour far greater, and far more freely exercised, than in any equivalent list of men novelists. The women have the laugh, now: Jane Austen has no disciples, perhaps, but her unsparing, embarrassing honesty is shared by many of the women novelists of to-day. Indeed, if I were asked what distinguishes the women from the men, I should say it was a contempt for humbug. It is true when the women are taken in, as Miss Meynell too often is, and also Miss Richardson and Miss Sidgwick, they fall in deeper than any men novelists of equal ability, but in nearly all the rest there is a gallant refusal to be deceived, a determination to face the worst, which is an admirable thing. Clemence Dane, E. M. Delafield, Mrs. Woolf, Miss Kaye-Smith—each of them, in her different way, can prick a bubble with a neat efficacy which was not surpassed by Thackeray. And Miss Macaulay has in one merrily-wise book after another devoted herself to showing the average man how like Peer Gynt he is, and the average girl how unlike she is to Solveig.

Among these young novelists one is remarkable as the inventor of a new method. I confess I do not understand Miss Richardson's method—which seems equally composed of Sterne, the creed of the Vortex, and Freud. And Mr. Brimley Johnson does not make it clearer.

> "Here, in fact, is a new form of realism, the reproduction of life in all the actual minutiæ of our impressions, truthfully reaching the infinite; whilst almost wholly ignoring material events or appearances, all the surface of things. If you imagine your thoughts and emotions thrown on a film, and illustrated by a phonograph, it becomes obvious that the 'moving picture' would go on for years—even to three score and ten. Inevitably Miss Richardson is not absolutely literal in this matter. She does, in fact, select; does not give us everything; but she approaches completeness more nearly than any other writer, and completeness is her aim."

Now, if there is one thing certain, surely it is that one cannot arrive at the infinite, "truthfully" or otherwise, by multiplying "actual minutiæ"—any more than one can arrive at eternity by multiplying time. It is just my complaint against Miss Richardson that she achieves an entirely unlifelike effect, because all people, save lunatics, do live with the sensation of a permanent, eternal background giving coherence to their impressions. Life is *not* "one damn thing after another"; except in our moments of irritation we never say so. All of us, except madmen, believe in cause and effect, and if you believe in cause and effect you believe in a reality which gives cause its validity. It is this reality which Miss Richardson leaves out, subsituting for it the very uncertain vehicle of Miriam's sensuous impressions. Mr. Johnson also finds Miss Richardson's style, with its curious reminiscences of Jingle and Mr. Ponderevo, "literally photographic," whatever that may mean. It produces on me the effect of an extremely sophisticated personality obsessed by a passion for form, which has taken a perverse turn. Miriam Henderson's hatred of books and men and grammar are the dislikes of a person who is preoccupied with all three.

I feel that Mr. Johnson coming to his task with enthusiastic caution has been swamped by his material. He has been over-impressed by the more solemn and pretentious novelists; it seems odd after the praises he gives to Miss Richardson to find him rebuking Miss Stella Benson for her "colloquial jerkiness" and exhorting her to believe "she would be none the worse for more careful grammar, and for some of that composed dignity which we of the older days have been used to consider essential to good writing." He is at his best in his essays on Mrs. Woolf, Miss Sidgwick and Miss Delafield; while his essay on Clemence Dane is only marred by the extraordinary statement that the author of "The Regiment of Women" is "pre-eminently an artist: neither a preacher nor a philosopher."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)." By R. Brimley Johnson. 7s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)

LISTENERS' LURES.

Complete coherence is distressingly rare in verse, though, as most people lose their way in poetry without being sure that the poet is to blame, the fact is not often mentioned. Coherence is not of course the highest aim of poetry, but, like a staircase, it is very convenient, and it is a pleasure to find that the posthumous volume[1] by the distinguished diplomatist, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, has the accessibility of a workmanlike building. We may not call him a poet of the highest class, because he did not quite realise the difference between good oratory of the schoolroom and speech appropriate to gods; but he had extraordinary aptitude for writing sonnets, and his masterly eloquence again and again electrically warms the audient soul. His last poem, dated January 12th, 1918, worthily leads to the word that means all that is good in death and a whole heaven besides—"Peace"; but this glorious if not quite perfect sonnet shall serve as an example of his artistry:

"Last night I lived a mean and abject thing,
Content in bondage, glad and prison-bound,
With greedy fingers blindly groping round
For such brief comfort as the hour might bring.
To-day I am the North-wind on the wing
And the wide roaring of the clamorous sea,
And the huge heaven's calm immensity
And all the bloom and music of the spring.

"I lived and loved. Now, is it life or death
Here in this new vast world wherein I move?
Now, when the winds of heaven are my breath
And the great sun the eye whereby I see?
I live not in myself; only in Thee.
Last night I loved. This morning I am Love."

Dr. Foulke,[2] an accomplished American, writes from the viewpoint of an old man, faithfully loved and loving, to whom Nature is a friend. He has no Cagliostro-like defence against Death; but he is serene; his voice is clear and strong; and when he attacks with satire the singers of *vers libre* he exhibits such boyish gaiety as rippled in Sir Owen Seaman when in 1895 he parodied Whitman in the *National Observer*. An example of delicious humour is Dr. Foulke's narrative, "The Sacrifice," in which a fat princess pacifies a volcano by feeding it with a black pig, a white chick and a draught of gin. Our poet seems to know that part of America called "Hoosierdom" in a deep and homely way; his patriotism flames in "war poems" which will be readable to-morrow by those who are too tired to read such literature to-day. But when, his book shut, we think of Dr. Foulke, he figures as a gracious lyrist of the love inspired by woman and as a voice of appreciation and regret for things too wonderful to be contained in anecdotes or histories—the visions of Hellas, the beauty and flavour of material forms.

There is a wealth of tender reverence for girlhood in Mr. Sturge Moore's "Danaë"[3], and this is the more pleasing because the legend of the persuasive might of a god disguised as a golden shower invites cynicism; certainly the interpretation of shower as light is more valuable to the Muse than gold. I think, however, that "Aforetime" and "Blind Thamyris" offer more to the mental appetite than "Danaë." The reincarnation *motif* of "Aforetime" is treated so vividly that we feel a sympathetic pang with the poet depicting to us the slave-woman whose maternal feeling he brutally snubbed, while sharing her vision of the day when she was snatched by slave-hunters. If *vers libre* be worth quoting for the sake of pith, surely these lines are:

"In the close-curtained court
Those causes are deferred
Which most import;
These wait man's leisure.
These daily matters elbow;
Merely because
His panic meanness
Jibs blindly ere it hear
What wisdom has prepared,
Bolts headlong ere it see
Her face unfolds its smile."

[1] "Poems." By Cecil Arthur Spring Rice. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[2] "To-Day and Yesterday." By William Dudley Foulke. 6s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)
[3] "Danaë, Aforetime, Blind Thamyris." By T. Sturge Moore. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Much Work by Students of the

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

(conducted by MAX PEMBERTON)

has appeared in

Daily Mail	Star
Evening News	Saturday Westminster
Daily Mirror	Westminster Gazette
Daily Express	Schoolmaster
Daily Chronicle	Manchester Guardian
Daily News	Birmingham Dispatch
Punch	Reynolds's Newspaper
Truth	Pan
National Review	Autocar
Pearson's Magazine	Answers
Windsor Magazine	Quiver
London Opinion	Novel Magazine

besides many other magazines and provincial and overseas papers

The School provides practical training by Correspondence in Story Writing, Journalism, and Free-Lance Journalism at moderate fees. The School possesses exceptional facilities for placing writers who have completed their training. Full particulars are given in the Prospectus, which may be obtained free on application to the

Asst. Registrar's Bureau,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
110 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

HUMOROUS BOOKS

BY MR. BEARD FRANCIS.

Higgs! and Potter

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pictorial Jacket. 3/6 net
THIRD EDITION.

"The author has a kind of pen-volubility, he does 'run on so,' that the reader will find that a wet afternoon of his own holiday may be passed quite agreeably in a perusal of the seaside holiday of 'Higgs and Potter.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

How Like a Man

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pictorial Jacket. 6/- net.

"The author has an immense fund of facetious humour."—*Times.*
"Distinctly entertaining."—*Athenæum.*
"Delicately humorous."—*Scotsman.*

Comedy and Tragedy

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pictorial Jacket. 6/- net.

"reflect with real skill a considerable section of good hearted British taste."—*Sussex Daily News.*
"cleverly written, with humour and force."—*Birmingham Gazette.*
"There is not a dull moment in the book."—*Cork Examiner.*

HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM, LTD., ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

In the myth of Thamyris Mr. Moore reads the tragedy of the poet without an audience fit to hear him. It is one that probably every writer of marked individuality can at least understand, especially if he is a poet rejected by poets. Mr. Moore conveys his ideas of Thamyris through the mouth of Agenor, a pupil of the centaur Chiron. This literary venture is mainly in prose, but is decorated by songs supposed to proceed from the singer whose frenzy cost him his eyesight. Mr. Moore is not an easygoing melodist, but he is not commonplace; he has vision; and his occasional awkwardness on the Parnassian slopes does not precipitate him to the bottom of "the singing hill."

The second son of the ex-Premier[4] is definitely a poet, but not fully awake to the difference between poetry and "minor" poetry, or he would not liken a meteor to a "tear" running down "the cheek of night." One finds in his war poems the graphic force of an unusually intelligent sightseer—irony also, as when he addresses

> "shades of gallant horses who have known
> Man in his ardour, thinking him a god."

His title-poem contains a really beautiful effect of the earth's recovery of scenic joyfulness after a thunderstorm. It is so beautiful, indeed, that in trying to remember a similar sensation of pleasure in literature, the most witching strains of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony are the only music which invade the mind to the disadvantage of Mr. Asquith. It was a happy idea to present the contrast between the inaudible lyric in the brain of the most beloved of amorous poets—Parson Herrick—and the voices of rejoicing Nature outside his church:

> "The robin piped upon the yew
> And thrilling down the avenue
> Through chestnut branches in the copse
> And tangled boughs above the lane,
> More liquid than the falling drops
> The warbler sang again."

And yet—glory be to printer's ink!—the lyric victory was Herrick's.

Mr. Hodge[5] makes effective verse of at least one of the common banes of life. There was true art in calling a poem "July" in which memory pelts a man with the cold mud of his past. Characteristically English, Mr. Hodge mingles mordant wit with a sad-coloured thoughtfulness. Simplified, he might become a sort of Wordsworth; but if he is a typical Balancer he will not simplify by his own initiative: he will remain subtle, contemplative, and with eyes for the sirens of the mist as well as for the angels in the azure.

Lieutenant Harold Hill[6] is a singer, a rhapsodist of scenery, and his varied rhythm should find favour with composers of vocal music. Being scientific, he is sometimes in touch with one's intellectuality. Essentially, however, he is a bird minus feathers.

W. H. CHESSON.

LIFE, LOVE AND JOY.*

There comes, if all too rarely, in the experience of a reviewer moments when a new work gives him something of that thrilled feeling to which Keats has given expression in a memorable sonnet, that combination of surprise and delight which belongs to discovery. For my own part I have never altogether lost the old zest with which, when I first slipped in among the ranks of the reviewers, I took up a new work wondering if it was to be something wholly fresh and "great." In the case of established writers of course their books are taken up with a knowledge that, within certain limits, they will be of an already gaugeable quality; it is the work bearing an unaccustomed name that stirs expectancy. When I picked up "Snow Over Elden," the name on the cover was new to me on a work of fiction, though I recalled it as one that I had seen attached to some short poems. The poet turned novelist is by no means always a success, but I had not read through the first chapter of Mr. Moult's story before I realised that this was not so much a case of a poet trying his hand at fiction, as of a rare master of prose who had, as has not infrequently been the case, begun by publishing verse, and had now found himself, as the saying is, in the other medium. With this book the author takes his place at once among the best of our story writers. In a novel of the very slightest in the matter of plot, to employ the conventional term, he has given us something that has all the sense of classic completeness about it.

To attempt any summary of the story would do it an injustice—the wonderful charm of it lies in the telling. The narrator, "our Jan," is the son of a farmer in the Peakland district, and he presents the family circle, the neighbours, the country-side, the "atmosphere," with loving, intimate knowledge and sweetness of humour all too rare in modern fiction—all however is as it were the setting for his own love for Joan Melody. It is perhaps little more than the all-important love-chapter in a young man's history of which the book consists, yet rarely indeed has it been presented in so fresh, joyous and feeling a fashion as it is herein by Mr. Thomas Moult.

Apart from all other considerations there is the rare literary charm of the whole presentation. The author has an individual command of his material which at times suggests that something of the seventeenth century sense of language survives among the dales of Derbyshire, which he evidently knows with deepest intimacy. It is a joyous book that he has given us, and I for one wished it twice as long as it is. It is a novel not of promise but of achievement.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.*

Mr. Hill's treatise is a most remarkable production, both in its matter and its manner. It is unprefaced, unpadded, impersonal. From the cryptic title page the reader passes straight to the first chapter and finds himself contemplating the whirling globe of the earth revolving like the toothed wheel of a cosmic musical box, and producing a series of potential sound waves with a different rate of vibration on each circle of latitude. Then, with massive and mathematical calm, Mr. Hill proceeds to work out the vibrations on each increasing parallel from pole to equator until he gets the great rising earth-chord—a *dominant* chord, starting with C 32, 2 degrees from the pole, the B flat coming in at 14 degrees.

By further calculation Mr. Hill proves the scale of nature to be the Harmonic Scale, having sixteen notes to the octave, with E sharp distinct from F, G sharp distinct from A flat, A sharp distinct from B flat and B sharp distinct from C. Every musician knows that the octave, as most people accept it, i.e., the twelve-note octave of the piano, with its seven white and five black notes, is a false octave, deliberately put wrong by a system of equal temperament or tuning, in order that all scales may be played on the smallest number of notes. The violinist can play a true scale of F sharp and a true scale of G flat; but on the piano, Chopin's "Barcarolle" with its signature of six sharps and his "Study on the Black Notes," with its signature of six flats, are played as if they were in the same key. Even our notation breaks down. Bach, writing his Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues for the "well-tempered" (which does not mean "good-humoured") instrument, begins with a Prelude and Fugue in C major followed by one in C minor. He then passes in alleged semitones up the scale, the third Prelude and Fugue being therefore in C sharp major and the fourth in C sharp minor; but though the latter has its true signature of four sharps, the former is written in five flats—i.e., the key of D flat major!

[4] "A Village Sermon, and Other Poems." By Herbert Asquith. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[5] "Half-Way." By H. S. Vere Hodge. 4s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[6] "Songs of the Highlands and Islands, and Other Poems." By Harold George Hill. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "Snow Over Elden." By Thomas Moult. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Harmonia Harmonica." By Clarence S. Hill. (Novello.)

At the last Bach Festival, Miss Myra Hess was announced to play the Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major. What she played was a Prelude and Fugue written in D flat major, though called by the other name.

Mr. Hill insists, then, on the true Harmonic Scale. But he soars after that to heights where we cannot follow him. Not content with working out the great dominant chord of the Earth, he gives us the chords of all the planets, and so the staggered reader finds in this book, set down in plain music type, the fabled music of the spheres! What is so amazing is not that Mr. Hill does it, but that he does it so calmly. He does not argue; he makes no attempt to convince you; he is as unemotional as Euclid. He just works out an elaborate mathematical calculation, and there, visible and audible, is "the roll and march of the eternal harmony to which the worlds keep time." Well, let the mathematicians refute him!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A WORK OF PIETY.*

If Anne Brontë had not been the sister of Emily and Charlotte one suspects that she would be remembered no more than all the other singing ladies of the early and mid-Victorian days who have passed into the shades. Her verse was of the wistful and plaintive order which belonged to the immured women of those days. She had not the free and wild spirit that burst all bonds of the great Charlotte and the greater Emily. "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" had a tragic situation handled with rather less skill than Mrs. Gore or other lady novelists of those days would have brought to it. The something of the parson's daughter which was in Charlotte was much more in Anne. Anne was a gifted, a talented parson's daughter, a conventional parson's daughter rather than the daughter of Patrick Brontë, with his melancholy Irish strain. No one could say that the Brontës carried the disabilities of their lives gaily. It is perhaps the genius of two of them that is responsible for the churchyard tinge that lies over them in our view of them. Did they ever laugh? One has no record of it. Patrick Brontë, bringing his Irish pride and his Irish melancholy to the Yorkshire parsonage and to the making of his children, can have brought little or nothing of the lambent Irish humour which plays over miseries and humanises them. But, to be sure, he was of a dour Ulster stock. The Ulster stock can be as wild, as feckless as the Southerner, but his gaiety ever has a darkness in it.

The Brontës, somehow, had a doom. Charlotte escaped old-maidenhood only to die before she could taste the full sweets of her marriage. Anne's lover died. Emily, the fiery-hearted vestal, was not made for common human joys. The fascination that lies over them, to which Mr. Clement Shorter has given himself so completely, is due in some sort to the atmosphere of tragedy in which they are steeped. They are of Ireland undoubtedly. Only an Irish Protestant could dwell in such an atmosphere of gloom, and yet the Irish Protestant can be, has been, wilder than his Celtic fellows.

The Brontës, like Mary Stuart, but very unlike, keep their lovers and servants long after they are dead. When Mr. Clement Shorter reaches the Paradise where he would be, surely Emily, Charlotte and Anne will meet him at the gates. To him no trifle is unconsidered if it has touched with the famous Three. He is too good a critic, I believe, to take Anne Brontë's poems seriously, but because they are hers he counts them valuable, and he is right. She shared the doom of Haworth. It was hard on her, since she had not the genius of Emily and Charlotte. One suspects that she would have been very happy, poor Anne, with her Rev. William Weightman, if only she had had a chance. Having lost that bonny-faced lover, who was an unconfessed lover, by premature death (the doom of the Brontës), she yielded herself up to a gloomy piety,

* "The Complete Poems of Anne Brontë." Edited by Clement Shorter, with a Bibliographical Introduction by C. W. Hatfield. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, LTD.

GATHERING OF THE FORCES

By WALT WHITMAN. 2 vols.

Editorials, Essays, Literary and Dramatic Reviews, and other material written by Walt Whitman as Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in 1846 and 1847.

Edited by CLEVELAND RODGERS and JOHN BLACK. With a Foreword and a Sketch of Whitman's Life and Work during Two Unknown Years. Illustrations in Photogravure. Limited Edition de Luxe, £4 10s. net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF JAPAN

By KATSURO HARA. 15s. net.

An intensely interesting volume published with the co-operation of the Yamato Society of Tokio and the Japan Society of New York.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE

From the Barbarian Invasions to the Attainment of Unity. By JANET PENROSE TREVELYAN. With 24 Illustrations and 6 Maps. 30s. net.

"In writing a spirited coherent and accurate history of Italy from the third century to our own day, within some five hundred pages, Mrs. Trevelyan has accomplished a feat which we should have deemed hardly possible, in view of the fascinating complexity of the subject. Her book is intensely interesting, and we commend it heartily to the many readers who would like to know more about our Italian ally and friend."—*Spectator.*

24, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

A notable book providing fresh evidence of continuity of life beyond the grave

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

By PAMELA GLENCONNER

Author of "Edward Wyndham Tennant," etc. With an Introduction by **Sir Oliver Lodge.** 6/- net

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., says: "To a lawyer this book presents the best case for spirit-communication I have yet seen."

THE TRUE STORY OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE Demy 8vo, **12/6** net

By the COUNT DE SOISSONS. With 8 illustrations.

"The most sensational book of 1921 yet published."—*Daily Graphic.*

LITTLE PIERRE

A new volume in Mr. Lane's series of translations of the works of

ANATOLE FRANCE

("Little Pierre" belongs to the sequence which includes "My Friend's Book" and "Pierre Nozière.") **7/6** net

NEW NOVELS

THE IMPOSSIBLE APOLLO

By THOMAS COBB **8/6** net

THE GUARDED ROOM

By G. I. WHITHAM, author of "Mr. Manley," etc. **8/6** net

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
VIGO ST. :: :: W.1

which was perhaps all the piety to be had under her circumstances. Poor Anne again! She was destined to the Brontë doom and only accidentally to its immortality. Charlotte writes of her that her piety "subdued her mood and bearing to a perpetual pensiveness; the pillar of a cloud glided constantly before her eyes; she ever waited at the foot of a secret Sinai listening in her heart to the voice of a trumpet sounding long and waxing louder."

That was Charlotte's way of putting it. Really, poor Anne, turning to heavenly things from an unsatisfactory earth, was in the clutch of the terrible thing that often stood for religion in those days. The wise saying, "Fear God but do not be afraid of Him," cannot have reached her ears. It says much for religion that it can have survived those evil days, but Anne Brontë was one of the martyrs to the tyrannous and terrible thing.

Mr. Shorter has treated her with the honour due to even the least of the Brontës. Here she has a tome of her own—she would have liked it to be called a tome—in which is enshrined her pensive and pathetic verses. She has all the details the true bookman loves—preface, bibliographical preface, bibliographical notes, all the pomp and ceremony of the true bibliophile. The book is not for the common many, but for the elect few, and the lover of libraries will delight in its possession.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

THE SEEDS OF ENCHANTMENT. By Gilbert Frankau. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

In a prefatory note Mr. Frankau confesses to a little diffidence in offering his public a new story so vastly unlike his recent and brilliantly successful "Peter Jackson: Cigar Merchant." He is right in thinking gentle readers like an author to limit himself to the type of story with which he has already pleased them; but he is also right in thinking it wise not to condemn himself to work always in the same vein until his public grows tired of it or his fertility in that kind is exhausted. A novelist is likelier to be interesting if he forgets such considerations and follows his natural bent, wherever it may lead him. It has led Mr. Frankau into remote, unknown, more or less imaginary regions of Indo-China, with a Royalist Frenchman, an Anglo-American merchant-soldier—both fresh from the horrors of the great war—and a Scottish M.D., who is an international socialist of sorts, on as wild an errand as ever lured adventurers into realms of romance. They go ostensibly to buy opium, but in reality to get through a bizarre and savage nation into an amazing Flower land inhabited by a white Flower People who cultivate a miraculous purple bean—the seeds of enchantment that have strange effects on those who eat them. How a knowledge of these seeds came to the adventurers, by what means they contrived to learn of the whereabouts of the Flower People and dispose of what seemed insuperable obstacles to their making the journey to them is too long a story and too crowded with sensational and surprising incident to be summarised; it is enough to say that Mr. Frankau set himself to write a daringly romantic tale of mystery, love and adventure, and has done it triumphantly. There is an ingenious satirical allegory underlying the tale but we doubt whether many of Mr. Frankau's readers will detect it. His medical socialist is something of an ass and his notions of socialism are farcical, but that is of no consequence—his other two adventurers are admirably drawn, and his story is so cleverly done that even certain jarring affectations of style cannot mar your enjoyment of it.

THE HILL OF THE CROWS. By Frederick Sleath. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Primarily Mr. Sleath's new book is a study of life in a small Scottish seaport—and a particularly ruthless study it is. The author knows his ground thoroughly, and in writing of the sordid life of the workers in the North he palliates nothing. Every page bears the stamp of truth, and if it were not for the vigorous action of the book its uncompromising realism might run the risk of repelling. But out of the grey background of dockyards and workshops start a number of living men and women, and the reader is at once carried along by a fine swinging narrative. The strength of the book lies in its characterisation. Old Ritchie Burnet, virtual ruler of Duncorbie and a great man at business despite his tempestuous passions; the elder and younger Alick Cameron; Jean, the delightful heroine; Montgomery, the junior partner, unscrupulous but not entirely untouched to finer things, and the almost Dickensian Erchie Templeton, are drawn with real ability. The construction of the story is quite excellent, though we have a feeling that the plot would have gained by the exclusion of the rather conventional episode of the German submarine in the penultimate chapter. On the whole the book is a remarkably strong piece of work, sincere and unfailingly interesting.

WINSOME WINNIE, AND OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS. By Stephen Leacock. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Leacock has returned to one of the first forms of humour he ever adopted, and one where he has held his own from the first, along with Thackeray and Bret Harte. This time he prefers to parody types of current fiction rather than individual styles; sometimes indeed the effort is simply that of a man in high spirits extemporising the absurd out of the conventional, and turning hackneyed phrases inside out for the sake of pure fun. Thus the old and crusted lawyer, after revealing his wholesale defalcations, tells his chief clerk to take Winnie out and "throw her on the world"; and Lord Mordaunt Muddlenut, in the height of his impassioned declaration, reassures her by saying: "Your birth is all right. I have looked into it myself. While I supposed that you have a lower birth and I an upper, I was bound to silence." After the chromo-romantic comes the unimpeachably domestic, and another story, "John and I: or how I nearly lost my Husband," is a travesty on the Home-and-Hearth, or Heart-and-Home magazine sort of thing. "The Split in the Cabinet" is the only effort in the book that seems under-written, but this is because we are already accustomed, perhaps, to daring lengths in the way of contemporary ridicule in the political columns of the papers. Some day the world will wake up and realise what a shower of thought and fancy is squandered up and down the deserts of newspaper print, but then, if the world stopped to make such reflections as these, it might dwell on the other side of the account and complain, with reason, that there should be so high a proportion of newspaper reading which is independent of original ideas. Mr. Leacock is of the order of men who make everything they touch fresh and original, and that is why his humour remains distinctive and satisfying, even when he is working on such well-worn lines as these.

THE SWALLOW DIVE. By Sylvia Lynd. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mrs. Lynd's second novel is a "glimpse of the world as it might have appeared ten years ago." It is a story of youth, and its picture of a young girl has the darting insight, the swift sureness, the beauty and joy of its title. Caroline Barrett is a poor relation, living with her grandfather and an aunt of whose tact it was said, "Your Aunt Mildred is so anxious to avoid treading on my toes that she appears to think I have very large feet." From this caged life her first swallow dive was no farther than to Kensington Gardens. There she meets Belailsa, a curiously-named young Irish journalist, whose mouth is full of witty words. Poverty releases her, she flies to her poor and charming mother, who lives in a dream world of lost causes and hopeless freaks, a world where there is always confusion. Then she darts into stage-life, into love, into a mad elopement, out of it, over to Ireland, back to England. Each dart has all the careless grace and loveliness of the swallow dive; she skims past tragedy—the

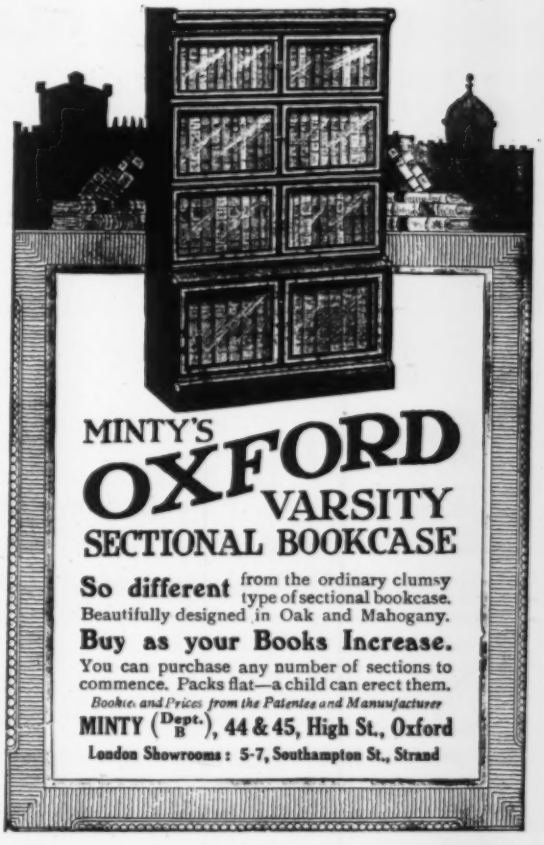
death of the unfortunate lover, dull, touching, slightly mad, who shoots himself while she is having supper with Belailsa—as a shallow above rapids. Yet just here the book begins to falter. The picture of Caroline in the first three-quarters of the book has an exquisite beauty and sweetness. How rarely one feels the charm of characters called charming! But Caroline's we see and hear and smell. And it is conveyed with a rare power of observation and in the wittiest words. The preparations for a wedding in a middle-class household, the life behind the scenes in a spectacular musical play—picture follows perfect picture. And through it all flits Caroline—light, sweet, shallow, seen as she sees life—rose-coloured. Then comes the tragedy and the book loses reality, though the pictures of life in Ireland are very lovely. It is true that terrible things can happen to light natures, that light natures are often the uncomprehending cause of horrors, but it seems hardly possible that the sensitive Belailsa and his friends should feel suicide and the hideous publicity of the modern press subjects for jest. And Caroline's old-fashioned relatives are won over to forgiveness of this dreadful episode in her life by apparently nothing but her flippancies on the subject—and her improved prospects. It is a cruel book for a busy reviewer; he dares not skip a line lest he miss some wise, witty or beautiful thing. Still, his review is written for him; he need do little else than quote Mrs. Lynd.

FIRE AND WATER. By Marwin Delcarol. (Duckworth.)

The mixture of modern life with recollection of experiences in some previous incarnation upon earth has been more than once attempted by writers of fiction. Mr. Kipling's brilliant success in "The Finest Story in the World" was due partly to his historical imagination, partly to his instinctive sense that the effort must not be too elaborate. "Fire and Water" has historical imagination. But it is too elaborate. Here we have modern men and women, a group of them, who are carrying on relationships of love and wider interests which they have passed through in eight or nine previous ages, from Egypt to England. A table at the end of the book serves as a clue to these successive reincarnations. But the sudden alterations of period, although cleverly managed, are rather bewildering. Simon Deyne, Rhodanthe and Hugh Charlton are thoroughly alive, and one almost resents their repeated trances; to go back and pick up their pre-natal adventures in the middle of their present experiences is to jerk the mind. Yet the author does succeed in this weirdly-constructed novel. It is one of the most ingenious romances we have read, and the intrusion of their mutual past is so managed as to leave the lovers of to-day more than puppets.

INISHEENY. By George A. Birmingham. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

All readers of "Spanish Gold" know what to expect from Mr. Birmingham, and in his latest book they will not be disappointed. The great merit of his work is its perfect spontaneity—the humour wells up like the sparkling waters of a spring, and every touch of character is so natural and unforced that, however improbable his people may be, they are always credible and instinct with life. Inisheeny is a small island off the west coast of Ireland, inhabited by a large number of Flanagans, who are suspected by the local inspector of police of being virulent Sinn Feiners, but are actually only guilty of a little traffic in illicit whisky. Into the midst of them comes the eccentric old archæologist, Floyd—to say nothing of a pretty daughter—who, though in reality in search of nothing more alarming than historical relics, is believed by the islanders to be a government spy, while the ardent police inspector is equally certain he is a dangerous Sinn Fein emissary. The situation furnishes the basis for a comedy of the first water. Despite the slenderness of the plot, the book maintains its interest to the last line, and the author's irresistible humour lights up every page.


MINTY'S
OXFORD
VARSITY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE
So different from the ordinary clumsy type of sectional bookcase.
Beautifully designed in Oak and Mahogany.
Buy as your Books Increase.
You can purchase any number of sections to commence. Packs flat—a child can erect them.
Booklet and Prices from the Patentee and Manufacturer
MINTY (Dept. B), 44 & 45, High St., Oxford
London Showrooms: 5-7, Southampton St., Strand

BOOKS.—Lane's Arabian Nights, numerous engravings by Harvey, 3 vols., 1839, £3 3s.; Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights, scarce, 30s.; The Windsor Shakespeare, 20 vols., £2 2s.; Meynell's Mary the Mother of Jesus, large paper, Medici Society, 1912, £2 2s.; Carmen, illustrated by René Bull, édition de luxe, 30s.; Barrie's Quality Street, édition de luxe, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 30s.; Newgate Calendar, 1809, 5 vols., rare, £6 6s.; George Meredith's Works, fine set, 17 vols., £4 15s.; Maupassant's Works, complete in English, 17 vols., £4 10s.; Ruskin's Works, complete, best Library edition, 39 vols., £25; Rider Haggard's Novels, 12 vols., mostly 1st editions, £4 15s.; Slater's Engravings and their Value, 1912, last edition, £3 15s.; Baron Corvo's In His Own Image, rare, £2 2s.; Omar Khayyám, Quaritch, 1879, £3 3s.; Omar Khayyám, illustrated by Dulac, £2 2s.; another, illustrated by Brangwyn, 1910, 10s. 6d.; another, translated by Heron-Allen, 1898, 25s.; The Life of the Bee, illustrated by Detmold, 36s.; The Tatler, 46 vols., publishers' cloth, £21; The Sketch, 80 vols., publishers' cloth, £30; Illustrated London News, 46 vols., handsomely bound, £12; The Car, illustrated, 42 vols., publishers' cloth, £10 10s.; Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols., 1857, illustrated, £2 2s.; Greville Memoirs, 8 vols., 1904, £2 2s.; Walter's History of Ancient Pottery, 2 vols., 1905, £2 2s.; Timb's Curiosities of London, 1867, 21s.; John Drinkwater's Poems, 1917; Swords and Ploughshares, 1915; Prose Papers, 1917, all 1st editions, 10s. each; Beardsley's Early and Later Work, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Oscar Wilde's Sphinx, illustrated by Alastair, 25s.; Forty-three Drawings by Alastair, 1914, £2 2s.; Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes, large paper, signed by author, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by Buxton Forman, 1876, 4 vols., £7 10s.; Thackeray's Works, edition de luxe, 24 vols., 1878, £15; Expositor's Bible, 49 vols., fine set, best edition, £10 10s.; The Graphic, vols. 1 to 36, strongly bound, £12; Œuvres de Rabelais, illustrated by Robida, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Boswell's Johnson, with 100 illustrations by Railton, and many portraits, 1901, 3 vols., 35s.; Johnson's Rasselas, illustrated by Smirke, 1819, £3 3s.; Finden's Illustrations to Byron, large paper copy, full morocco, gilt, 3 vols., 1833, £6 10s.; Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels and Poetical Works tree calf, gilt, 4 vols., 1833, £5 5s.; Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols., full calf, gilt, 1833, £6 10s.; Puckle's Club, only 500 done, 1817, morocco, £2 2s.; Collector's Marks (Fagan), 1918, last edition, £4 4s.; Smollett's Novels, 6 vols., fine set, 1806, £4 10s.; Fielding's Works, 10 vols., 1806, fine set, £5 10s.; Chamberlain's Foundations of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 25s.; Leslie Stephen's English Thought in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 30s.; Handley Cross, Sponge's Sporting Tour, Plain or Ringlets, Hawbuck Grange, Romford Hounds, Ask Mamma, complete set, illustrated by Leech, etc., 6 vols., £5 10s.; Mark Twain's Works, Author's édition de luxe, 23 vols., £30; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, "Inclusive" edition, 3 vols., 1919, £3 3s.; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, "Cabinet" edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, édition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Meteyard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerbohm's Cartoons, "The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1705, £2 2s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; The Day's Doings, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Bentley's Miscellany, 36 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., 1837–54, £10 10s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations, being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Noyes's First Edition, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the Author, 50s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s.; Memoires de J. Casanova, 8 vols., Paris, half calf, £4 10s.; The Butterfly, 2 vols., edited by Raven Hill, 25s.; Thornton's An American Glossary, 1912, 2 vols., 7s. 6d.; Round's Feudal England, £2 2s.; Round's Studies in Peerage and Family History, 1901, £2 2s. One hundred thousand books in stock. Catalogues on application. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant. BOOKS WANTED: 25s. each offered for Boswell's Johnson, 2 vols., 1791; Burton's Pentamerone, 2 vols.; Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871; Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866; Hawbuck Grange, 1847.

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham.